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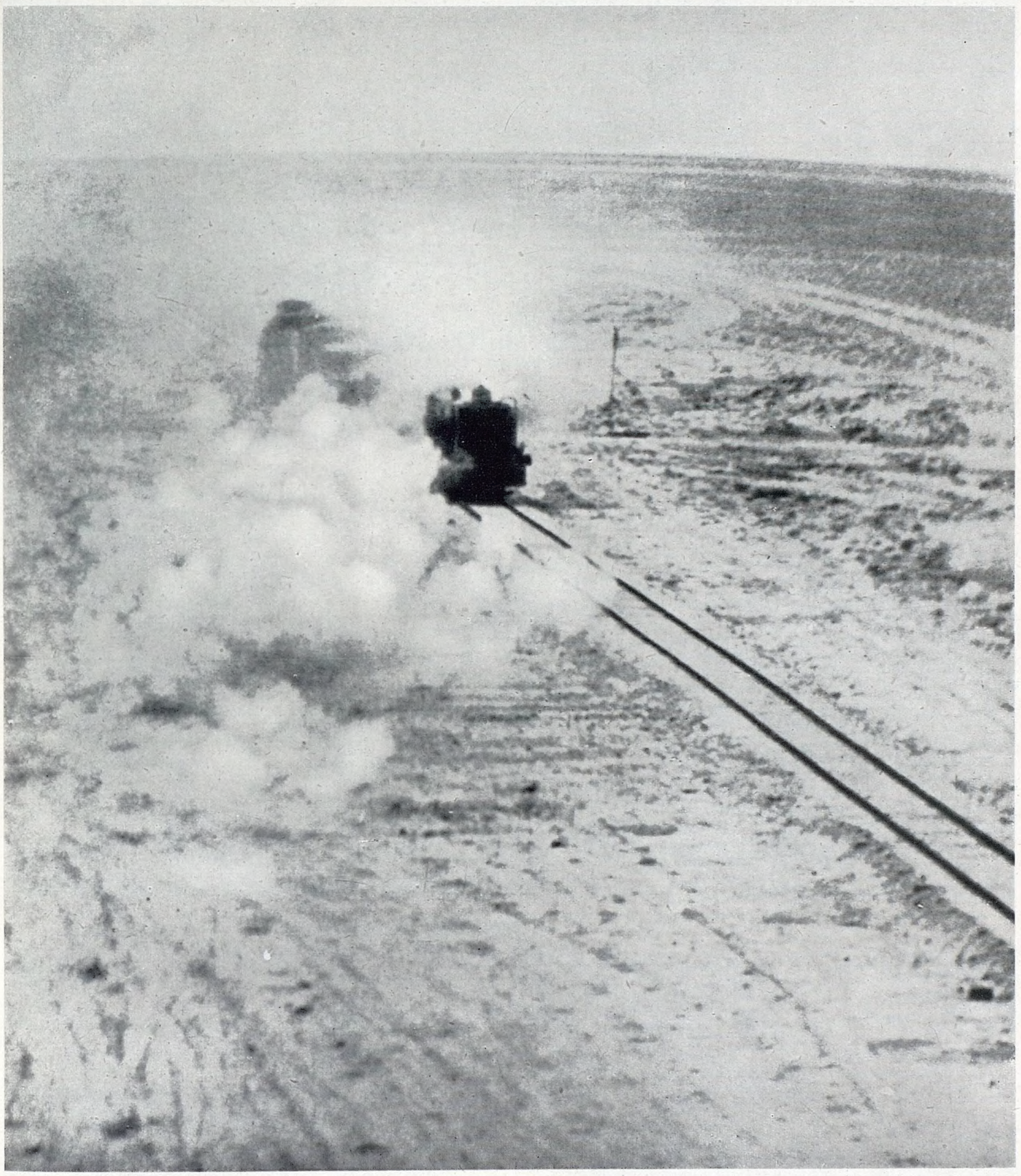

NON-STOP ALLIED AIR ATTACKS BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES IN EGYPT IN SUPPORT OF THE EIGHTH ARMY'S OFFENSIVE—an R.A.F. attack on a supply train on the single-track line between Sidi Barrani and Mersa Matruh

By day and by night, Allied air attacks have been carried out on the supply lines of the Axis in Egypt and along the North African coast. Lines of communication, transport, supplies, landing-grounds—all have been subjected to incessant attack by fighters and bombers; and much disorganisation of Axis plans must have resulted, with corresponding gains for the 8th Army fighting its way forward against Rommel's forces on the ground. This picture was taken between Sidi Barrani and Mersa Matruh, where a single-track railway connects the two places. Shells from one of our low-flying aircraft can be seen bursting on and around the engine in a daring head-on attack

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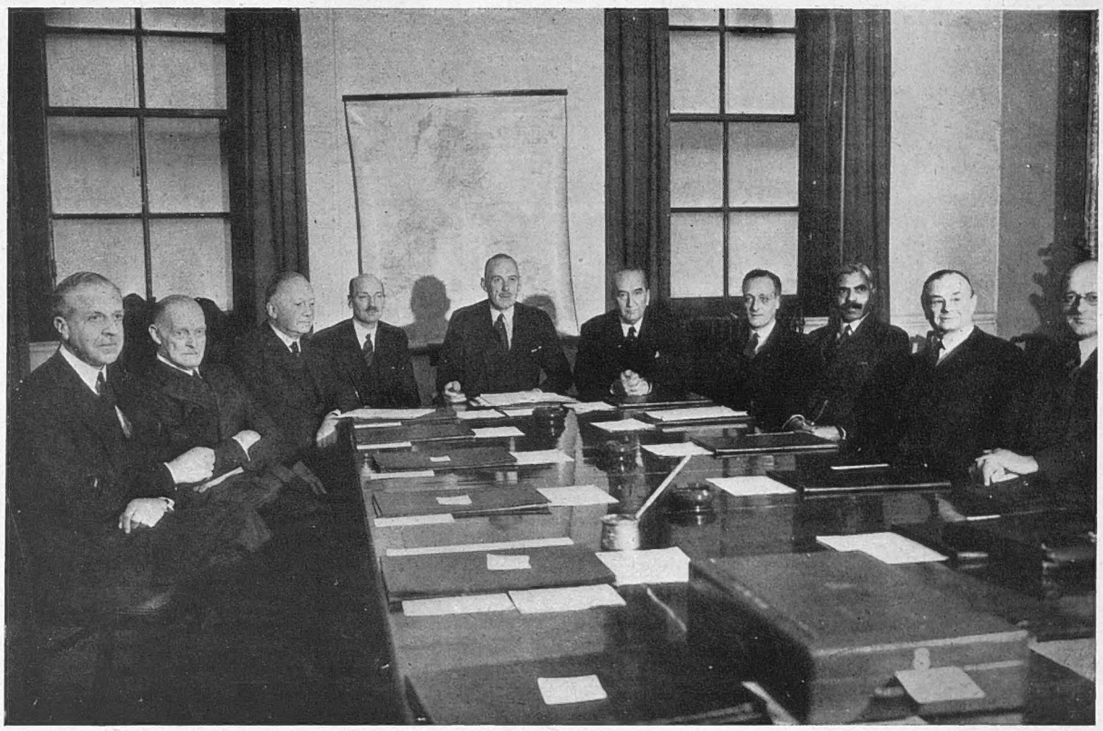
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 166

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Mrs. Roosevelt.—I take my hat off to Mrs. Roosevelt. No doubt at all, I am a man of middle age, not remarkable for initiative, nor likely to qualify for a medal for gallantry—a man, perhaps, who has not reformed his character to meet the conditions of total war up to the average standard of resolution and modernity of his contemporaries. So it is that I voice (what few journalists have yet voiced) my appreciation of Mrs. Roosevelt's pluck and initiative in coming to Britain at this time. It is a stormy season in the Atlantic, and though nowadays (to the young and to the elastic mind) a flight across the ocean is regarded as no more risky than (and quite as boring as) a train journey to Inverness from London, I do not share that view. I should have to screw myself up to the adventure. Then she comes to a country in which, even in our present comparative immunity from the *Luftwaffe*, there is always the risk of a bomb, if not of a "Blitz"; and she comes here from a country where such risks, at present, are negligible. She has faced real risks, some discomfort and considerable fatigue to find out for herself what life in Britain is like to-day, both for Americans and for Britons, and I very much doubt if a month ago anyone could have dreamed that the President's wife would contemplate such an adventure; none certainly would have imagined it as a duty. She chose to accept it as such, and I think her decision is a wonderful proof of the resolution and wholehearted co-operation of her great nation in the common cause, and a mighty tribute to the men and women of America. She typifies in her person the eternal spring of those United States. And I hope that my personal tribute to her does not merely reveal my own frailty in this heroic epoch of our history.

The Egyptian Front.—Let us who sit at home and whistle for news about this vital offensive cling on to this truth. (It is vital for our peace of mind and sense of proportion while we wait.) This battle, like this war, is one of *attrition*. It is, in its first stages, a reversion to the Somme tactics of 1916-17—broadly, if not in detail. Rommel's defences are in great depth and strength. A "painful inch" gained may have all the value of 20 miles in more open warfare. Against dug-in, anti-tank artillery, armoured units, given a passage, must yet manœuvre with infinite precautions. General Montgomery has expressed confidence, great confidence. The anxious onlooker in England may wonder why he said so much; may remember that Mr. Churchill voiced the same confidence, and admitted that every conceivable weapon for success was present, at the beginning of the last great and ill-starred effort to sweep the Germans back into Libya. The doubter and the watcher in England perhaps nervously contrasted the coloured pictures of the first broadcast accounts by eye-witness-correspondents of the devastating preparations before the attack with the Army's terse bulletins of the first few days, which admitted no more than a limited penetration here and there, so far held against counter-attack. Some, no doubt, remembered the lessons in desert warfare, so bitterly learned, of the danger of over-optimistic reports by newspaper-men, and may have scratched their heads over what seemed like a repetition of proven errors. Let us cling to our sheet anchor: it is a battle of *attrition* to-day. It is inconceivable that General Montgomery would have taken the risk of passing for publication those impressions of the strength and devastating powers of his preliminary preparations and barrages, if he had not assumed that people at home realised the nature of his problem and the object of his offensive. Let us at home back him up by keeping these premises in view. The wider landscape should help us to a clearer understanding of the pin-point view of the struggle in the limelight; the battering of Milan and Genoa, and even of industrial centres in Western Germany, is a vital and intimate part of the battle on a front of a few miles in the desert. And the *seascape* is perhaps most important of all.



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE COMMONWEALTH SUPPLY COUNCIL, which has been formed to co-ordinate the arrangements for supply throughout the Empire

The Council's aim is to bring together and develop existing machinery in order to assist and co-ordinate the common war effort in every way possible. This picture shows the first meeting in progress at the War Cabinet Offices under the chairmanship of the Minister of Supply: from left to right are—Mr. Waterhouse (Mr. Hugh Dalton's deputy), Mr. S. M. L. O'Keeffe (High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia), Lord Portal (Minister of Works and Planning), the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee (Deputy Prime Minister), the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton (Minister of Supply), the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce (High Commissioner for Australia), Mr. S. Waterson (High Commissioner for South Africa), Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar (India), the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery (Secretary of State for India), and Mr. Campbell (of New Zealand)

Danger of Boasting.—Once more into the breach! On *October* 27, Sir Archibald Sinclair made this statement: "Bomber Command . . . was as yet so limited in size that only by an exceptional feat of organisation, *which could rarely be repeated*, could a thousand bombers be put into the air at once. It was not true that the Government had held out the early prospect of four-figure raids. The most he had said was that in a few months' time four-figure raids would be less infrequent than they had been in the past." I (and many others who are conscious of the indignity and danger of Ministerial boasting) have been expecting this "explanation" from Sir Archibald. I turned back to the *Newsletter of June* 11 ("Danger of Boasting") to read: "The danger of Ministerial boasting is well illustrated in the short history of 1,000-bomber raids. The first of the series took place, I think, on May 30, and another followed a day or two later. Immediately after the second, Sir Archibald Sinclair, in a very exuberant speech, left the public under the impression that these raids thenceforth were to be a regular feature in our offensive by air. . . . Then followed a three-weeks interval, due no doubt in part to weather conditions, but the interval comprised the fall of Tobruk and our bitter reverses in Libya. Towards the end of the lull, articles began to appear in the Press commenting on the lull and seeking to account for it. Soon after, the third of the series (on Bremen) followed. The point and puzzle which I wish to stress are these: What was gained and what risked by Sir Archibald's lurid boasts? What did his words say louder than his bombs? Their only effect in Britain was to raise false hope and equally false disappointment." What follows is perfectly fair comment on a dangerous and foolish practice: (1) Sir Archibald does not always realise the impression made by his choice of words. If *three weeks* after the second 1,000-bomber raid the public had begun to show disappointment that a third raid had not taken place, was it not obvious that his words meant more to the public than to himself? (2) After Bremen, no other 1,000-bomber raid (or anything like it) took place during the four months to this time of writing. (3) Tremendous, damaging raids, glorious achievements by the R.A.F., of devastating effect, have been frequent. But no four-figure raids. The public is perfectly satisfied with these wonderful achievements. More, it recognised that Sir Archibald and the Air Chiefs put a peculiar value for propaganda purposes on the cabalistic "four figures." But the public as a "nation of shopkeepers" knows something of advertisement technique and understands the folly of advertising goods you cannot supply on demand. (4) *Four months after his boasts* Sir Archibald declares that four-figure raids, owing to the limited size of Bomber Command, must be exceptional feats of organisation *which could rarely be repeated*. We believe it. We may doubt if the effort to reach exactly four figures is worth while, even as propaganda. What we do say is that Sir Archibald has clearly proved our contention that boasting is dangerous. Let him even now study a report of his speech in June, as I have done. When he has done that, perhaps he will be more inclined to appreciate the danger and indignity of heady boasts, about which we take him to task. The Service of which he is political chief needs no boasts or boosts.

A Reminder to Italy.—I am glad that the Italians have had a taste once more of the unpleasant and destructive effects of modern war from the air. Since the war began, I have felt a very special irritation against the Italian pundits and publicists, Gayda above all. One feels that those who most loudly hound on the dogs of war should themselves at least have some experience of what war really means. I marked Gayda's early bombast, boasts, boosts and horrible threats, observed his *diminuendo* to whines and pessimism, his elastic spring-back to bombast on the slightest excuse, his ups-and-down of bravery and panic, his twists and turns. The armchair gladiator, the carpet knight, the *agent provocateur* with a perfect bomb-proof hide-out, the rider of the whirlwind and director of the storm from the perfect security of a city whose antiquities are "too sacred to civilisation" to receive the treatment meted out to London. From such a shrine, it is pleasant to wage war, to stimulate hate, to play at strategy, to launch vendettas of reprisal and to condemn the barbarity of one's enemies. I think we have in the past wasted too much humanitarian sympathy on the poor little monkey chained to the barrel-organ. It has unpleasant habits, and can behave with treachery and cunning. My last shred of sympathy for Italy vanished when she joined in the Nazis' latest "atrocity" campaign.

"Security for All."—It sounds good to me. In the last decades I have made my contribution in taxes and other payments to some form of a (not very comprehensive) security against old age, ill health and unemployment for certain classes, but I have never conceived of the possibility of such security being proposed for my particular class of worker, who works until he is kicked out, or no longer able to work, and then falls back, not on a pension or State aid, but on what he has managed to save. Sir William Beveridge proposes to alter all that. I take a peculiar interest in Sir William's schemes and ideas—for a personal reason. I lived for several years in a house which his parents largely built, and (I am ashamed to add) I still use sometimes a Dutch hoe clearly marked with his name. If this should meet his eye, I add that I am prepared to restore what is left of what is clearly his property. Not much *is* left. I hope the security he now offers me will be in better shape. Elements in Parliament will strenuously oppose his scheme. Such is the fate of many of his schemes. I am sorry for this. I accept it there are elements in Parliament who do not consider "my type of worker" deserving of this security; or perhaps they will decide that, even if "security for all" be in theory a fine idea, Sir William's finance is dicky, and cannot be relied on to achieve the desired end. As for me, any statistical arrangement of figures (where the noughts indicating "millions" are cut out to save space) convinces me, especially if the plan they support offers vaguely "something to my advantage."

THE OLD STAGER

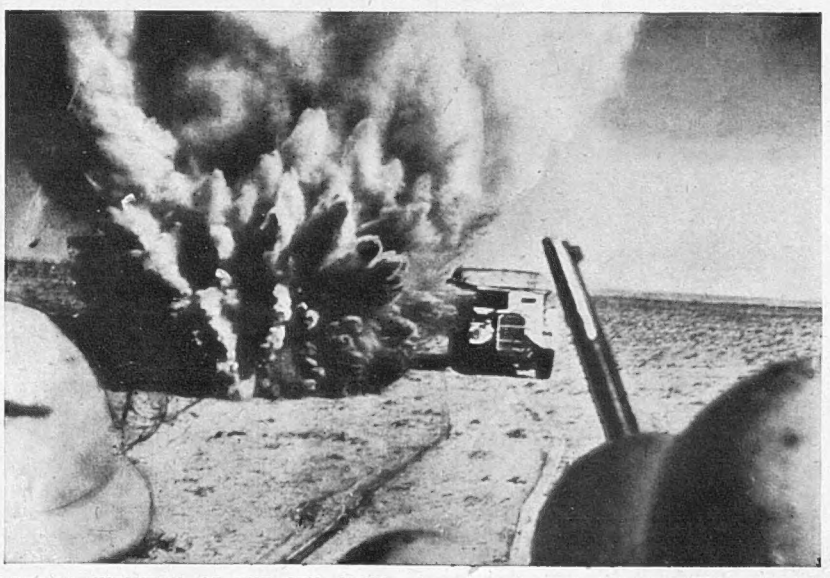
HOW THE OFFENSIVE OPENED IN EGYPT

—Pictures of the 8th Army Going Into Action, Sent by Radio from Cairo

THE ATTACK BEGINS: ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF BRITISH 25-POUNDER GUNS WHICH LAUNCHED A TERRIFIC BARRAGE at the enemy positions a short time before the Infantry went forward. The attack opened at 10 p.m. on October 23 under a full moon, when the 8th Army succeeded in its first objectives, the advance lines of the enemy's defence being carried after the intensive artillery bombardment

THE PICTURE OF THE WEEK FROM EGYPT! A British Tommy, going forward to the attack, gives the Victory sign to two German soldiers, just taken prisoner. A good number of the latter were sent back within a few hours of the opening of the offensive

BRITISH TANKS STARTING TOWARDS GAPS CLEARED IN THE ENEMY MINEFIELDS in readiness for an attack at dawn. The tanks came up behind the Infantry —and not in advance of them as hitherto



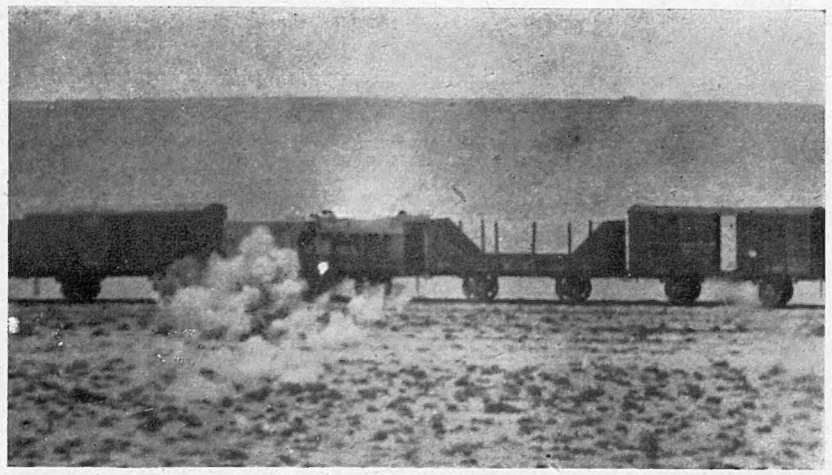
LORRIED INFANTRY OF THE 8TH ARMY advancing through Axis minefields despite close shell-fire. The way had been cleared for them through the devoted and heroic work of the Sappers

THE EIGHTH ARMY ADVANCES: Radio Pictures from Cairo

BRITISH SAPPERS PENETRATE THE ENEMY'S MINEFIELDS TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR A FURTHER ADVANCE: a picture taken at sunset showing how the Engineers cleared a lane through deadly areas in front of the British lines to prepare for a continued advance of the 8th Army. These men of the vanguard have one of the most dangerous and essential of battle tasks to perform

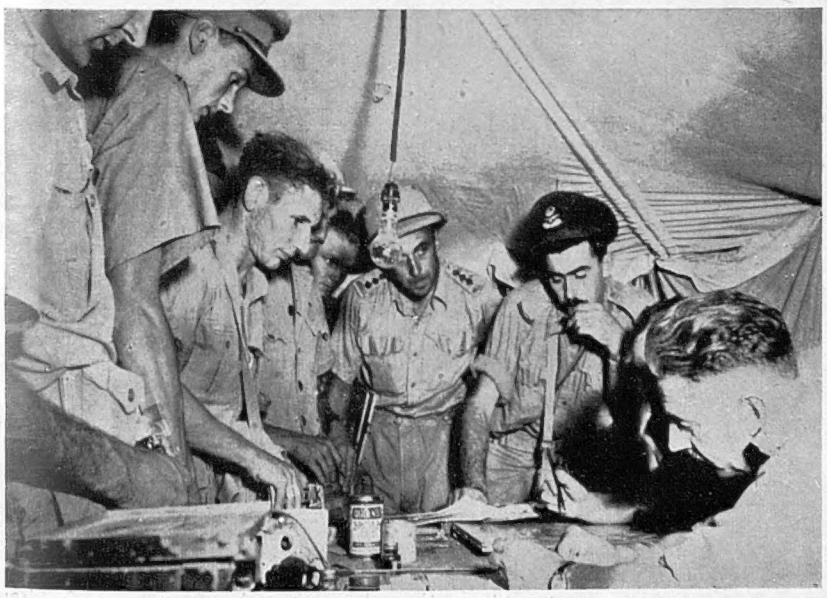
FOLLOWING ON THE SAPPERS, ALLIED INFANTRY AND VEHICLES ADVANCE THROUGH THE GAPS JUST CLEARED IN THE MINEFIELDS. All about are the craters formed by our artillery during the terrific bombardments which preceded each successive move forward by our troops. The men are advancing in open order, with their supply vehicles immediately to the rear

AIR ATTACK : Cannon-shells entering the tail of a Ju. 52 forced down on an enemy airfield in the desert. Its starboard engine is on fire, and a member of the crew lies face down beneath it



In a broadside attack on a train in the Western Desert, an R.A.F. long-range fighter sets on fire the ammunition on the anti-aircraft truck, while cannon-shells, kicking up the dust, show the line of fire leading to the target

ANOTHER BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS, taken in the course of the 8th Army's big offensive against Rommel's desert positions, marching away into captivity under an armed escort. Note, on the left, a trig mark, indicating an intersection of desert tracks

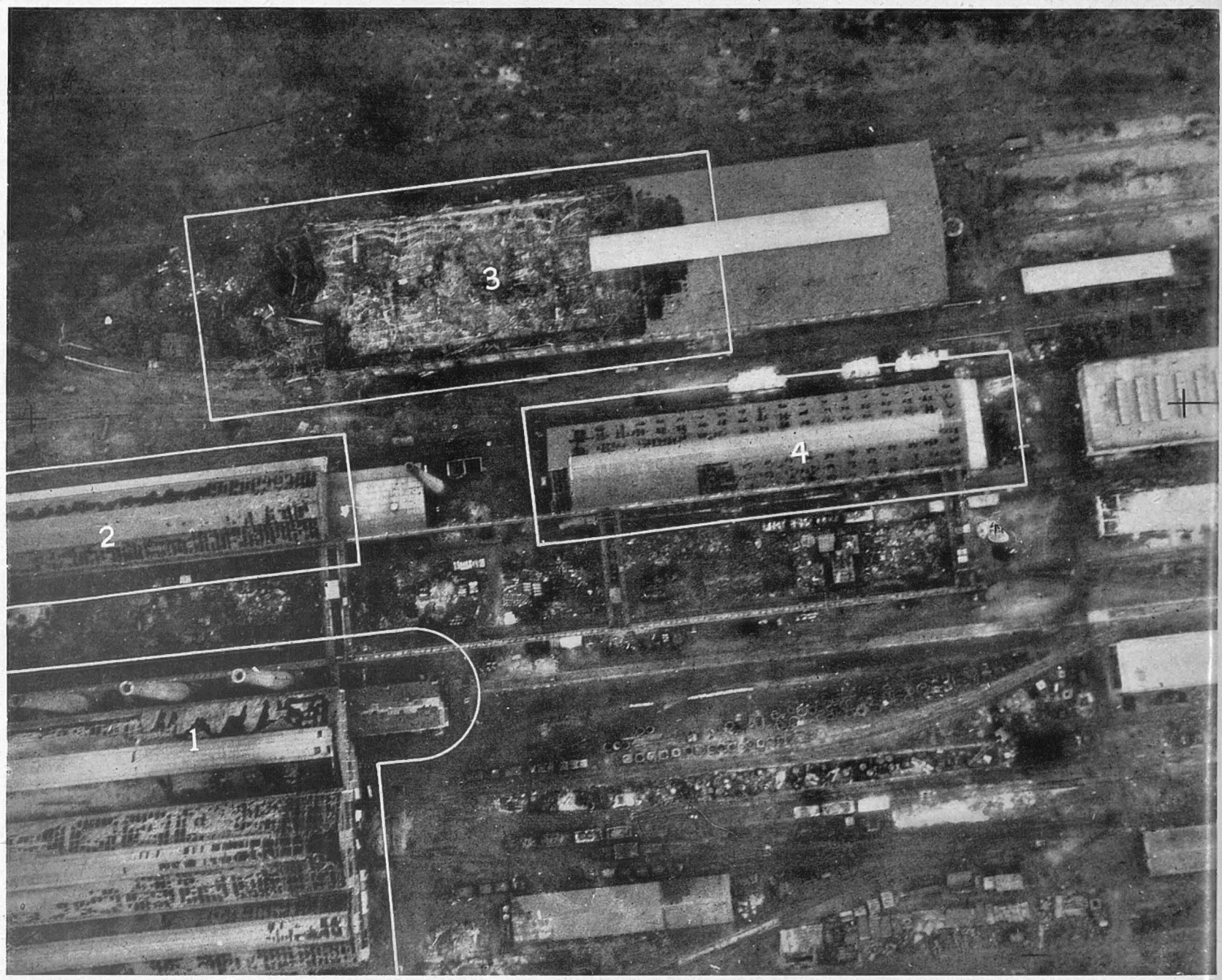


Observers of South African aircraft reporting a successful raid to the Intelligence Officer. South African bombers and fighters have played a big part in the non-stop Allied offensive by air

A flashlight picture of South African mechanics preparing to sleep next to the Boston aircraft they serve. These aircraft have been in operation over the desert since May 1942

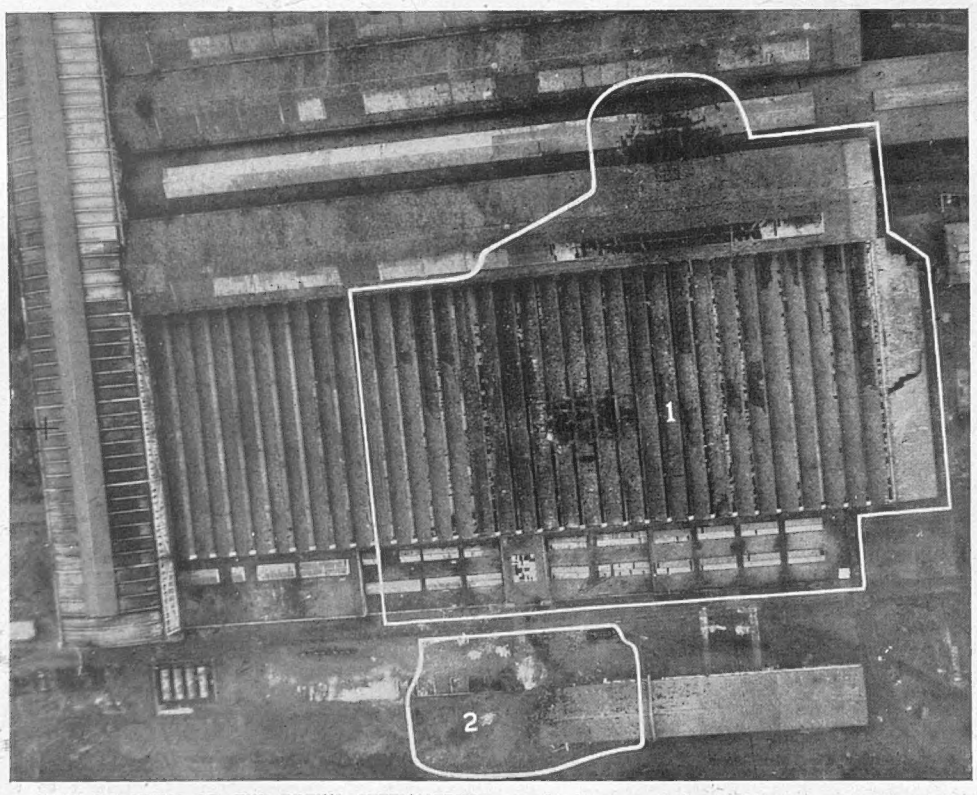
The SMASHING RAID by the R.A.F. on the "FRENCH KRUPPS"

British Official Pictures of the Bomb Damage at Le Creusot After the Daylight Raid by Ninety-four Lancasters on the Evening of October 17. In All Cases the Majority of the Damage was Caused by High-Explosive Bombs



THE RESULT OF THE ATTACK ON THE BREUIL STEELWORKS, PART OF THE LE CREUSOT PLANT. The whole attack, it will be remembered, only took seven minutes—but during that period a giant bomber went in over the target every four and a half seconds. Each Lancaster is capable of carrying a bomb-load of seven tons!

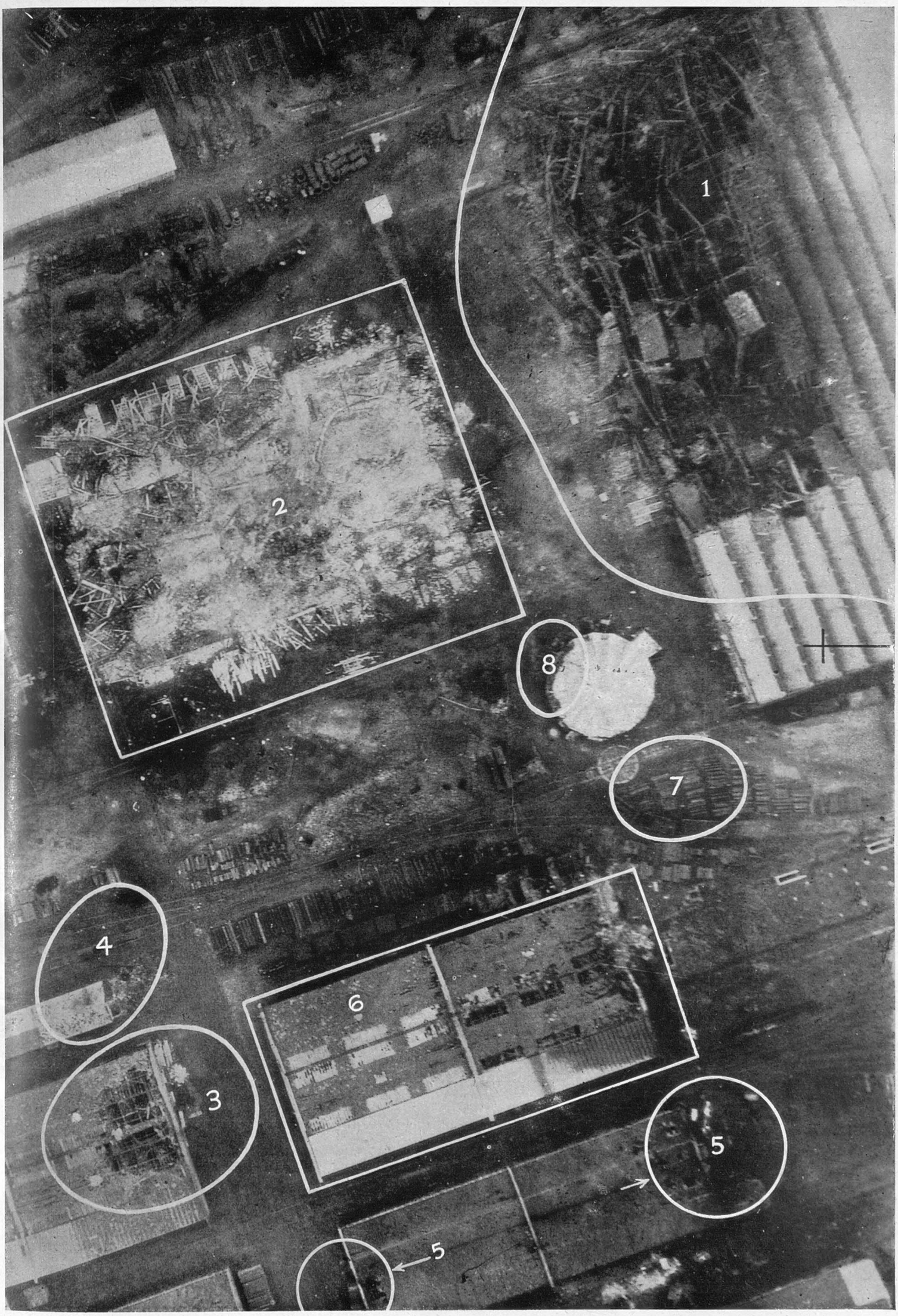
In the above picture: 1 indicates a probable direct hit at the south end of the steelworks, causing the partial collapse of the framework; 2 shows severe blast damage to a shed adjoining the steelworks; 3—Half a warehouse destroyed by a direct hit; 4—Severe blast damage to another warehouse



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE BREUIL STEELWORKS: 1—At least two direct hits were registered on the General Machine Shops, causing partial collapse of the framework and severe blast damage to a great part of the roof; 2—A direct hit at the south end of shed

Photographic reconnaissance has now made possible an assessment of the damage caused to the great French steelworks at Le Creusot ("The French Krupps") as a result of the evening attack by ninety-four Lancasters of the R.A.F. on October 17 last. It will be remembered that the strong force of giant bombers—each of which is capable of carrying a bomb-load of seven tons—flew at low level across France to the attack, and that only one bomber was lost in the raid. Experts declare that air war history was made on this occasion. It is now known that the heavy damage wrought is distributed among the three main sections of the plant—the Processing Works, the Breuil Steelworks and the Le Creusot Steelworks. In the Processing Works, major damage includes the destruction of the south end of the Locomotive Machine Shop, severe damage to the south-east section of the Cold Bending and Finishing Shop, and severe damage to numerous smaller buildings and sheds. At the Breuil Steelworks there is severe damage resulting from at least two direct hits on the General Machine Shops, and varying degrees of damage to other buildings. At the Le Creusot Steelworks one large and other smaller buildings have sustained serious damage. In all cases the majority of the damage was caused by high-explosive bombs

On right—**THE LE CREUSOT PROCESSING WORKS AFTER THE RAID. The results achieved here were as follows: 1—Destruction of the south end of the Locomotive Machine Shop; 2—Four-bay shed totally destroyed; 3—Direct hit at the north end of shed; 4—Blast damage to shed resulting from a near miss; 5—Serious blast damage at north and south ends of a shed; 6—Direct hits at north end of a shed, causing the partial collapse of the end of the building and blast damage to the whole; 7—Trucks derailed by blast; 8—Blast damage to the side of a storage tank**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FRENCH NORTH AFRICA will Respond to the "BIG BATTLE"

The Sentiments of the Vichy Navy and Army in the Event of a Show-down

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWENTY-EIGHT months ago France was down and out and Axis disarmament commissions or agents were installing themselves at key points throughout French North Africa—from Medenine, in Southern Tunisia, right through Algeria down to Agadir, on the Atlantic coast of Southern Morocco. In view of known Axis designs on this whole vast territory, it looked to be only a matter of time, a short time, before the victorious Nazi and Fascist dictators would pass from their temporary policy of neutralisation to the despatch of troops for permanent occupation. With the French Fleet turned Vichy, the only force standing in the way was the British Mediterranean Fleet, already heavily involved and unlikely to be strengthened from Britain, alone in the fight and at bay.

The picture is worth keeping in mind to-day—and that Fleet of Admiral Cunningham's, sunk and unsunk, is worth saluting—as we look out on a French North Africa still fully capable of re-entering the fight for the recovery of France and for the victory of the United Nations. The French possessors of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia are yet on the fence and in varying moods towards the Allies, but the essential is that they have not been bound beyond self-deliverance, and few would have thought that possible had they ventured to peer ahead from July 1940 to November 1942.

After Cunningham, it may be that we should thank Weygand for what has occurred. Given control throughout French North Africa, he would not allow Vichy to go beyond the terms of the armistice in relation to the territories committed to him. A certain amount of Axis inroads he had to tolerate. Then he drew a firm line, and by the time he was dismissed the French in North Africa had grown to trust and respect him, which they still do. To-day the proud, austere old cavalryman writes his memoirs under discreet surveillance at Antibes, but his influence is transmitted across the Mediterranean, the influence of a man, bear in mind, who conserves sentiments of friendliness towards the Americans. If they should come hovering nigh "to the shores of Tripoli," one hardly sees Weygand objecting.

But it was impressed upon me by two escaped French officers, one Army, one Navy, that if the Allies want the active co-operation of French North Africa, they will have to stage the big battle for the recovery of France, and the summons to action will need to come from General de Gaulle and none other. Feeling is not identical in Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, but one sentiment is common to all three. And that is that they will only participate on the side of the United Nations if it is indeed for the big strategic battle.

"If," I was told, "the Allies attempt just landings to occupy places on the coast, they must expect no help from French forces and civilians. Even if they set about achieving limited objectives inland, the help will be slender. But if the summons comes from de Gaulle that the Battle of Africa is 'on' for the recovery of France, you may rely on the French rallying to the Allies with diminishing exceptions. But the General could not give the same call twice and expect the same results."

It was explained that the ramifications of "*la bande à Darlan*" were very serious. This label once meant only senior naval officers, but now it implies thousands of officers and officials, traders and business men, raised to key positions. Darlan is given as the brain, and he is incited mainly by a hatred of the English which threatens to burst blood vessels when he gets excited, as he frequently does. He has fortified himself as Commander-in-Chief by sensibly bettering the lot of all officers and also by employing Gestapo methods in their regard. In each regiment and corresponding naval and air unit are two "M.A." officers, the initials standing for *menées anti-nationales*, who listen and report the conversations of their brother-officers. As they become suspect, they are relieved by other M.A.s. The Army is the most susceptible to Gaullist influences, the Navy least. But a steadily-augmenting number of Bretons on the lower deck—and sometimes as many as three-quarters of a crew are Breton—prefer Fighting France.

This came about in an odd way. Bretons were sent home on leave to Britanny, where they were literally cursed by their families for turning against the Allies. One Breton parent went after his son with a farm shovel, and this tale, told by the son on his return to his ship at Casablanca, did more than tons of the most well-directed propaganda. Just now an interesting phase has been reached in the Navy, when the younger officers in the smaller warships are beginning to listen to the views of Breton ratings. This refers more particularly to the ships in Moroccan waters, of which the following are cited as present: the *Jean-Bart*, an old, small cruiser, a gunboat, twelve submarines and nine destroyers. The 35,000-ton *Jean-Bart* has had trouble, owing to the shallowness of the harbour reacting on indifferently-balanced heavy armament. One's impression is that she would be used in stationary capacity for her big guns and "Ack-Ack" batteries. Other big naval guns are on shore, down near Safi, Mogador and Agadir. The Germans are most interested in Agadir, where, from afar, I watched Darlan planning a new harbour in early 1939. The Germans have wangled a "right" to keep the local defences under inspection and they have acquired considerable territory round the port. My naval informant thinks U-boats are refuelled and restocked from Agadir and Casablanca, when necessary, by trawler in the dead of night.

The Axis Commission in Morocco numbers 166, nearly all Germans. A further 500 civilian agents, many with faked passports, operate throughout the Protectorate. The Commission inhabits delectable hotels round Casablanca, but Germans are rarely seen in uniform and then only whizzing by in motor-cars. They are specially chosen as former Moroccan "fans," and they switch on the charm and the money to some effect. The French, as a whole, realise that the German plan is to give a good northern slice of French Morocco to Spain and to keep Agadir for themselves, yet this doesn't prevent *la bande à Darlan* mixing with the would-be despoilers.

A reckoning is that 15 per cent. of the French—the Vichy implanted bureaucracy—openly collaborate; that 40 per cent. are opportunists and follow Vichy for material reasons only; and that nearly 50 per cent. are Gaullist "at heart," which does not mean actively so. Only about 10 per cent. of Morocco's French are at present actively Gaullist and they have to practise every care. They have no clandestine newspapers and can hear Brazzaville only intermittently. Morocco is "suffocated by Vichy propaganda." But the sure sign of Allied victory would radically alter these percentages.

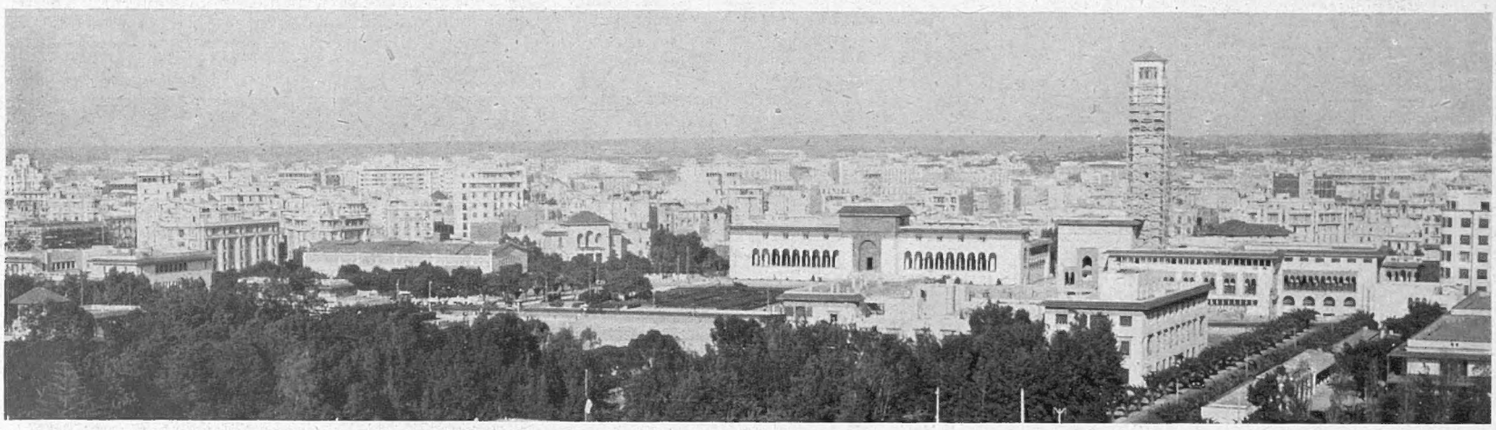
A major hope resides in the Officers for Native Affairs, of whom the Resident, General Noguès, was once the honoured chief. These officers are judges, doctors, engineers, everything, for the Moors out on the endless *bled*, and what they say goes with the tribes and their *Goumiers* or self-sufficing horsemen, of whom 60,000 remain armed. The Officers for Native Affairs, bred in the tradition of Lyautey and not to be moved in quantity even by Darlan, because of their indispensability, are said to be widely de Gaullist. Noguès himself is "an enigma." "One day the Vichy crowd think they 've won him; the next, they are disappointed." His wife is a daughter of Delcassé, who had to quit as Foreign Minister, at the bidding of the Kaiser, over a Moroccan incident. But the political officers are up against lavish German bribing of Moorish chiefs, among them El Glaowi of Marrakesh, who has power with the trans-Atlas, wilder tribesmen. On the other hand, the Foreign Legionaries would listen intently to their late chief, the Gaullist General Richert, living in retirement at Fez. And so the pendulum swings.

It was pointed out that life in Morocco is hardly conducive to bellicose sentiments. The war has touched the Protectorate but lightly compared with other climes. Save for the Germans taking 80 per cent. of the wine (for fuel alcohol) and fruit, and for a 10 p.m. curfew, life is soothing in a benign climate. Food is relatively plentiful. So is money, thanks to well-off evacuees from France and North Africa, to continued exports, some for Hitler, and to the Germans flinging francs around in a development programme which makes the Arab richer than ever he was—a labourer earning 3s. a day where once he got 6d. But the Arabs and Berbers complain that they can find little to spend their money on—no tea, no sugar, no cottons, the three imports upon which they used to spread themselves. When a couple of American relief ships put in with sugar and tea there was much pro-American jubilation: the Moors got out their pots and mint and had a brief pre-war orgy of fifteen cups a day. "The Americans could win the Moors with sugar and tea," I was told.

Casablanca is packed and relatively hectic. A few Britons who remained have had to go inland, but American outposts remain.

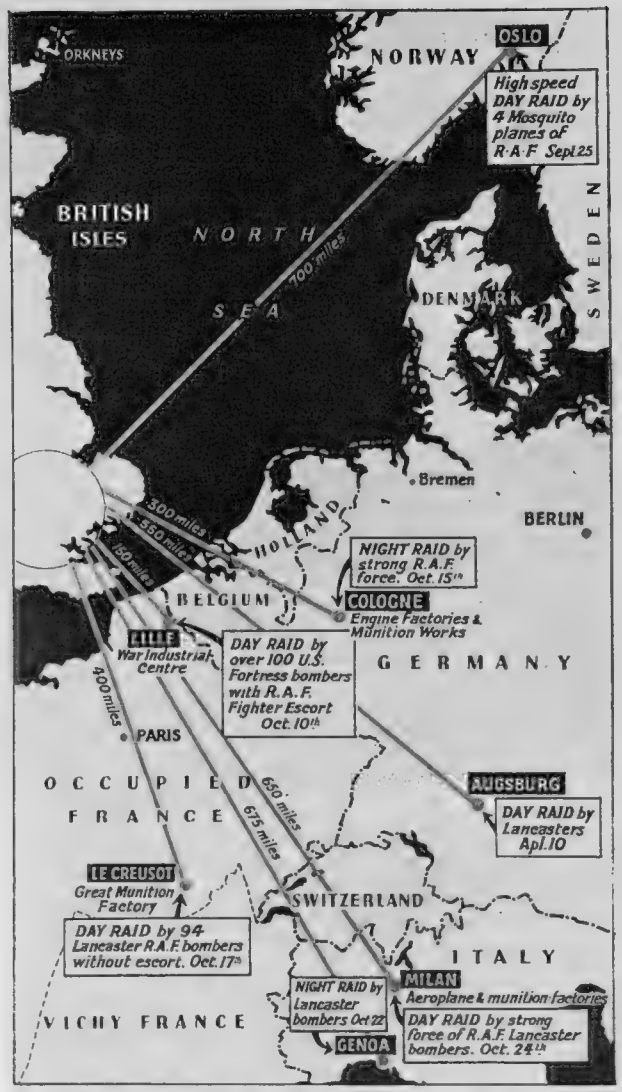
One of my informants had made his way right through from Tunis and reported that similar conditions to the foregoing prevail for the most part in Algeria and Tunisia, but with certain distinctions in feeling. French influence is least assertive in Tunisia, owing to the presence of over 100,000 Italians—more than the French—and to devastating financial and economic inroads by a Nazi Commission under young Von Neurath. Yet the Tunis-French long more ardently for reunion with a free France than do either their Algerian or Moroccan opposites. Their feelings towards the Allies were shown when they cheered the rescued crew of the cruiser *Manchester*. Even the Resident, Esteva, though an admiral, is not considered of *la bande à Darlan*. I was assured that the Tunisian French would be "okay" when the big day came.

The Algerian French (and naturalised), numbering 900,000, will be the last to become unstuck from Vichy, and one thing likely to start the process would be United Nations forces coming up from Chad. Algeria's colonists were given to Fascism before the war—de la Roque held "Roman salute" parades there without let or hindrance—and the influence is maintained by the C.-in-C. of North Africa, General Juin, who presides from Algeria. Juin was let out of a German prison camp on condition he collaborated. The majority of the 3,000 Nazi agents in North Africa circulate in Algeria, where there are also 10,000 French civilian prisoners, so-called "Jews and Communists," working in frightful conditions on the trans-Saharan railway. This has reached a point 500 miles south of Oran and still has 1,500 miles, or three years, to go before it reaches Dakar.



A VIEW OF THE GREAT AND MODERN CITY OF CASABLANCA, the principal port of Morocco, where many units of the Vichy Fleet are now moored. This city has grown at a great pace during recent years: it was only definitely occupied by the French in 1907, but since then it has been linked with many other centres in French Morocco and North Africa

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



DAY AND NIGHT: Recent raids compared: the distances range from 300 miles to Lille and back, to 1,400 miles to Oslo and Genoa. The most impressive of all was the raid on Milan, carried out by Lancasters *in daylight*

The War in the Air—by Day and by Night

The GROWING WEIGHT of the AIR OFFENSIVE

"Spot Bombing" by Day and "Area Bombing" by Night

Compared by LEONARD R. GRIBBLE

DEVELOPMENTS in the R.A.F.'s air offensive of the past days have proved with little room for doubt that bombing in daylight with a formation of heavy, speedy aircraft, well able to answer the challenge of enemy fighters, is more directly effective than night bombing. The object-lessons provided by the Lancasters that flew in daylight to Le Creusot and Milan, and by the American Flying Fortresses that ranged deep into Occupied France, taking heavy toll of the FW.190s that tried to intercept them, suggest that concentrated attacks by heavy bombers on targets in the German homeland in daylight may well be one of the next items on the Air Staff's intensified programme.

For one thing, precision bombing must be done in daylight, and it is precision bombing that demolishes a given target, provides a definite result to an operational flight. By definite result is meant one that is calculable in advance.

Concentrated night raiding does, of course, destroy chosen objectives; but the broader purpose of night bombers is to spread destruction over a given target area, smashing up an area that includes particular objectives. The very nature of such a night attack demands a large force to ensure that the target area is well covered from end to end.

Precision bombing in daylight picks out for attack the key locality that cannot with certainty be observed at night, and it allows a concentrated attack on the one particular spot. So that, in men and planes, spot bombing in daylight would seem to require only a fraction of the number required for area bombing at night to achieve an identical military purpose. In view of the Continent-wide distribution of Germany's industrial war potential this factor assumes immediate importance as the air striking power of the United Nations supersedes that of the Axis.

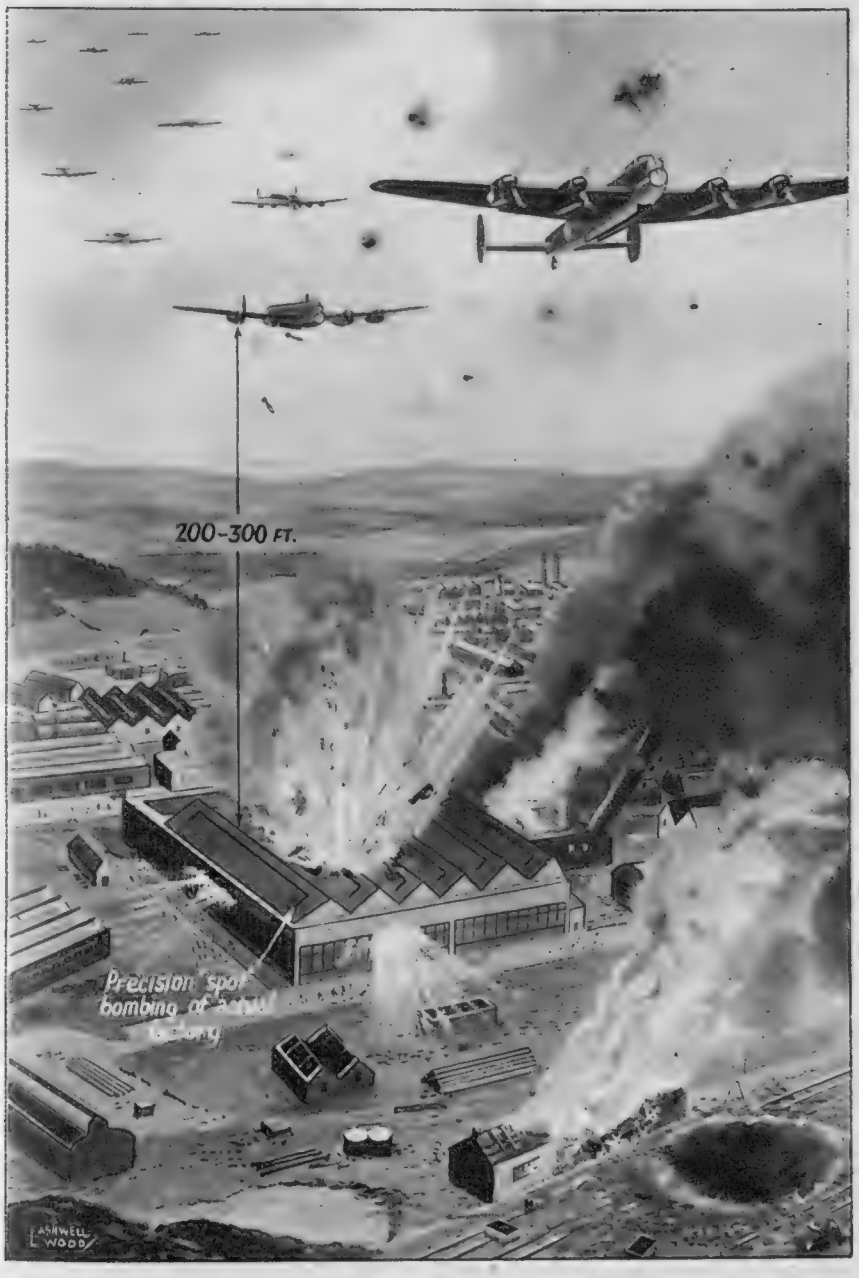
However, an immediate question arises. Will the new challenge of the British and American heavy day bombers be met by a fresh system of interception on the part of the *Luftwaffe*? For certain it is that the German Air Force will take steps to frustrate the new menace, despite the severe mauling it has received from the tight formations of Flying Fortresses.

And after that first question comes another. What reply can the Allied day bombers make—in short, what *additional* protection can they be given?

The reply to this second question does not seem difficult on the face of it. The recent raid by Mustangs of Army Co-operation Command on the Dortmund-Ems Canal in Western Germany would seem to supply it. It would seem not impossible that Lancasters, flying low, should attack in daylight key targets in Western Germany, while escorted to the target and back by Mustang fighters. The combination should prove excellent as a reply to *Luftwaffe* interceptor tactics, although, as yet, the Mustang has not been used for escort work.

But another factor would seem to demand some such near-future development. The outstanding success of the Le Creusot raid was due, in large measure, to the fact that the Lancasters were able to surprise the enemy.

(Continued on following page)



Above—**"AREA BOMBING":** The broader purpose of night bombers is to spread destruction over the given target area, smashing up an area that includes particular objectives. The very nature of such a night attack demands a large force to ensure that the target area is well covered from end to end

On left—**"SPOT BOMBING," as distinct from "area bombing," must be done in daylight.** This allows the bomb-aimer to get his sights right on the selected target and aim with precision. This is done from a low altitude—indeed, some of our bombers have attacked from as low as 50 ft. with slight delay-action bombs. Daylight bombing, of course, implies a journey of hundreds of miles over hostile territory. Daylight raids also mean a speeding-up of bomb-dropping: The Le Creusot raid only lasted for 7 minutes, but hundreds of bombs were dropped by skilful timing. Night bombing is more difficult: the target must first be located, and preliminary bomb-runs made

THREE WONDERFUL AIR MINISTRY PICTURES TAKEN DURING THE DAYLIGHT RAID ON THE SCHNEIDER WORKS AT LE CREUSOT on October 17, 1942, when ninety-four Lancasters attacked: The scene above Mon Richard, a riverside town. "As we roared over, I counted forty-eight Lancasters round us. A man who was ploughing his field with oxen had some trouble! Everyone was below 300 ft. and the noise must have been terrific . . ." *(A word picture by one of the R.A.F. crew)*

THIS SHOWS HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO SPOT AIRCRAFT WHEN THEY ARE FLYING LOW. One of the Lancasters flying over the French countryside on its way to the bombing of Le Creusot

CHATILLON-SUR-LOIRE: "Still flying low, we came towards our target as the sun was beginning to set and the shadows were getting longer and longer. Three people stood on the old bridge here at Chatillon-sur-Loire and waved as the boys roared over"

The Growing Weight of the Air Offensive

(continued)

As the size and number of such daylight raids increase this element of surprise will dwindle. A suitable fighter escort, capable of maintaining guard over the bombers throughout the entire raid, would seem to be an effective substitute.

Immunity is going to be the criterion of the future. Spot bombing will be successful only so long as it is not less economical, relatively, than area bombing; and it is significant that the relatively high cost of the Augsburg daylight raid has not been repeated.

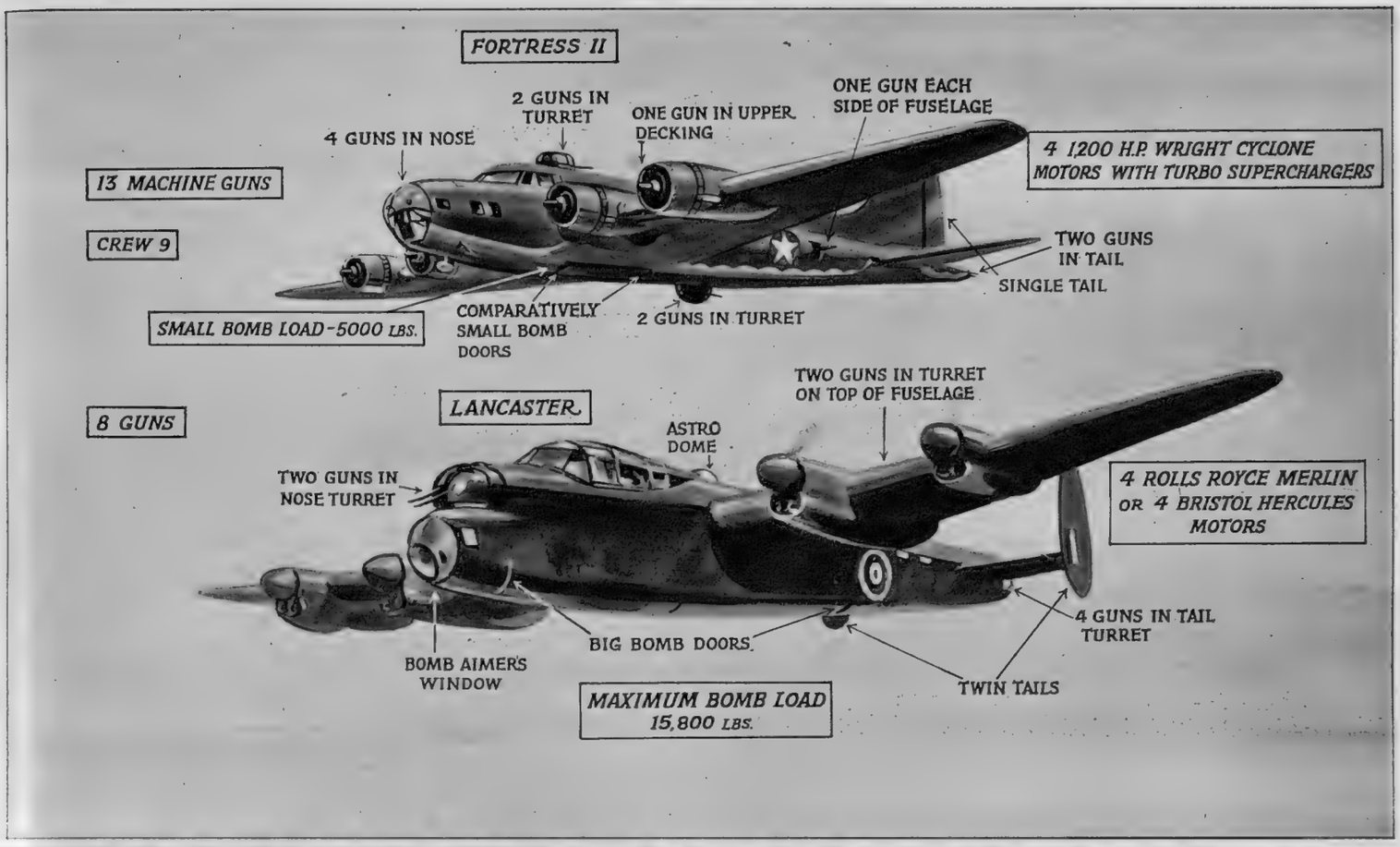
On the other hand, the advent of the Mosquito has seen daylight bombing advance yet another stage. Experts have already stated that it is quite possible that the Mosquito, with its relatively high speed for a bomber, may enjoy greater immunity in daylight raids than bigger, slower bombers, heavily armed. Certainly the Mosquito has got off to a good start, but in view of the daylight bombing of Milan by Lancasters based in Britain it would appear more likely that the Mosquito will not be expected to compete with an aircraft designed specially for heavy long-range attacks.

The R.A.F.'s daylight bombing programme did not begin with the recent successes of the Flying Fortresses and Lancasters. It is not generally realised that in the past three months alone some forty-five daylight attacks have been carried out on some thirty German towns, and in this total are included four raids on Cologne, four on Essen, four on Wilhelmshaven, four on Frankfurt, and four on Emden. Further, the attack in formation on Augsburg was followed by similar raids on spot objectives in Danzig and Flensburg.

From this it can be seen that the daylight air offensive has been of a natural growth. Its development has been stage by stage. There is nothing mysterious or "sudden" about it. The first large air battle of the war was fought in daylight between a force of British Wellingtons and a strong formation of intercepting Messerschmitts. The Messerschmitts came off second best, and that against bombers whose speed was considerably under 150 miles an hour. But the British bombers had power-operated turrets and they flew in close formation, so that their fire was concentrated.

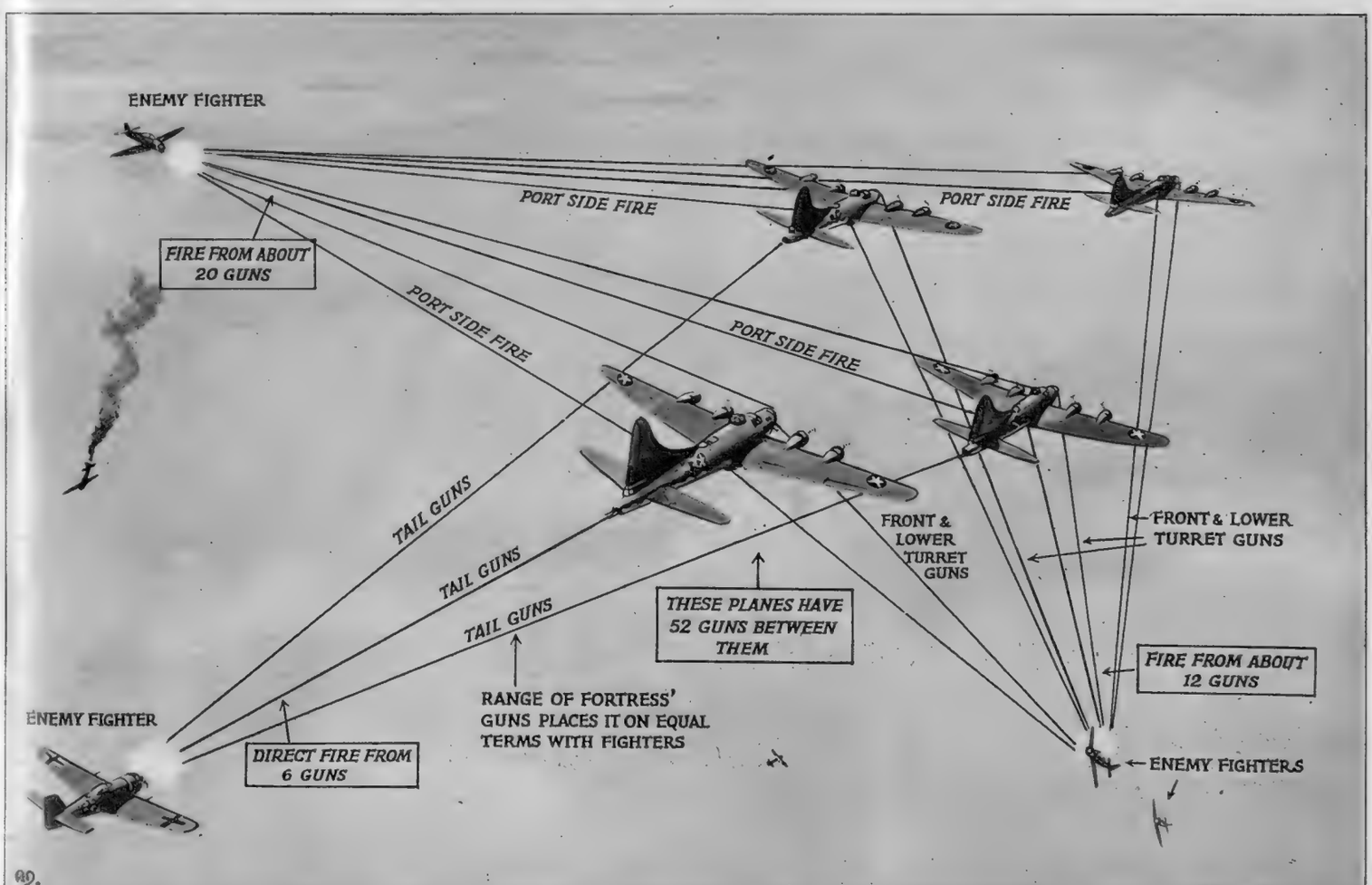
The present-day American B.17s are successful, primarily, for the same reason, while the extra weight of their fire—from guns of ·5 calibre—seems to make their defence consistently sound. If the Fortresses have one disadvantage in relation to the Lancasters, it is their smaller bomb load. But reports indicate that Colonel John Jouett, President of the United States Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, is looking to the early production of a new Fortress with a bomb load that compares favourably with even the Lancaster's, while its stepped-up speed will make it faster than its British counterpart.

Thus the trend in daylight bombing intentions can be observed as identical both in Britain and in the United States. Precision bombing has been proved effective. Spot bombing compares something more than favourably with area bombing. For instance, comparison has already been made between the cost and result of the Augsburg spot-bombing raid and a target-area raid of some 500 planes. Of the force of twelve Lancasters that attacked the Diesel engine works at Augsburg 60 per cent. did not return—some seven aircraft. But the job they set out to do was done. Five hundred planes bombing a target area at night, and losing only 5 per cent. of their number, could conceivably achieve a similar military result. Yet that 5 per cent. constitutes twenty-five planes.



THE HARDEST-HITTING OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH BOMBERS: The Boeing Flying Fortress II and the Avro Lancaster compared, showing the differences in armament of these two aircraft and of the bomb-load carried—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The recent achievements of these two monsters in day and night attacks on the enemy have, inevitably, caused comparisons to be made between them: these are summarised in the diagram above. The Flying Fortresses are exceptionally speedy and they are capable of flights at a very high level, making it difficult for interception by fighters. They are armed with thirteen machine-guns, mostly of heavy calibre—·5-in., which have a longer range and greater hitting power than the ·303 of the R.A.F. The guns of the Flying Fortress protrude from the nose and flanks, they are in pairs in an upper turret, in the ball turret under the fuselage and in the tail. This aircraft, however, carries a bomb-load which is—by comparison with our own Lancaster—somewhat small; its capacity is 5,000 lb. The bomb doors, too, are comparatively small, as American 4,000-lb. bombs are short and squat. The Lancaster runs the short Stirling a close second in bomb-load: it is capable of a maximum stowage of 15,800 lb. (or just over 7 tons). It is armed with eight guns, as indicated in the drawing above. The Lancaster has a maximum fuel tankage of 2,154 gallons, which represents a load of 7 tons in petrol alone: but to carry this terrific weight the bomb-load would have to be materially reduced



HOW THE FLYING FORTRESSES HAVE ACHIEVED THEIR ASTONISHING SUCCESS OVER ENEMY FIGHTERS: The close-formation flying which enables a group of four bombers to concentrate a terrific fire when attacked on the flank, from below or from behind—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Americans, when operating in daylight, fly in formations which enable them to bring a devastating cross-fire to bear, which blasts the enemy out of the sky. With the thirteen guns of heavy calibre with which they are armed, there is hardly a blind spot anywhere. No fighter, therefore, can nip in and out without facing a deadly fire—which is the deadlier when the calibre of the American guns is taken into account—·5-in. against our own ·303. Some U.S. air gunners have claimed kills at 600-yards range and more. The ·5-in. machine-gun fires at the rate of 750 rounds a minute, and it is capable of smashing through all ordinary aircraft armour

THE RETREAT OF THE JAPANESE IN NEW GUINEA

The Crossing of the Owen Stanley Range —And the Harbour of Rabaul, Chief Jap Base in the South-West Pacific

RABAUL.—Ever since last January, when the Japanese seized Rabaul, the chief town on the island of New Britain, the Allied Air Force has been subjecting it to bombing raids. The enemy has made the harbour and adjacent aerodrome their chief base for attacks upon New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, for which it is conveniently placed.

Rabaul was once a most desirable place, described as the "Naples of the Pacific," having a fine natural harbour, fringed by palms. It looked one of the loveliest places in the South Seas, until the Matupi crater, the chief vent of the local volcanic group, suddenly erupted in 1937, and covered Rabaul with showers of sulphur and pumice. As the crater continued its activity, the Australian Government decided to make Lae, in New Guinea, the capital of the group of islands, and subsequent eruptions of dust, at varying intervals, have further caused Rabaul to sink from its sunny beauty and importance. Belonging first to Great Britain, the islands of New Britain and New Ireland were acquired in 1884 by Germany, who renamed New Britain New Pomerania, and christened the whole group the Bismarck Archipelago. After the Great War, all these German islands fell to Australia, under a mandate.

As the strength of the Royal Australian Air Force grew, they have raided Rabaul more and more heavily. Without a fighter escort, the bombers have made the long journey over the oceans, and throughout the spring and summer made the Japanese suffer severely. Ships have been hit in the harbour, aerodromes bombed, buildings set on fire, with little or no loss to the R.A.A.F. Since August, the Flying Fortresses have been used, which have not only proved invulnerable, but have brought down many of the Japanese fighters sent up to intercept them.

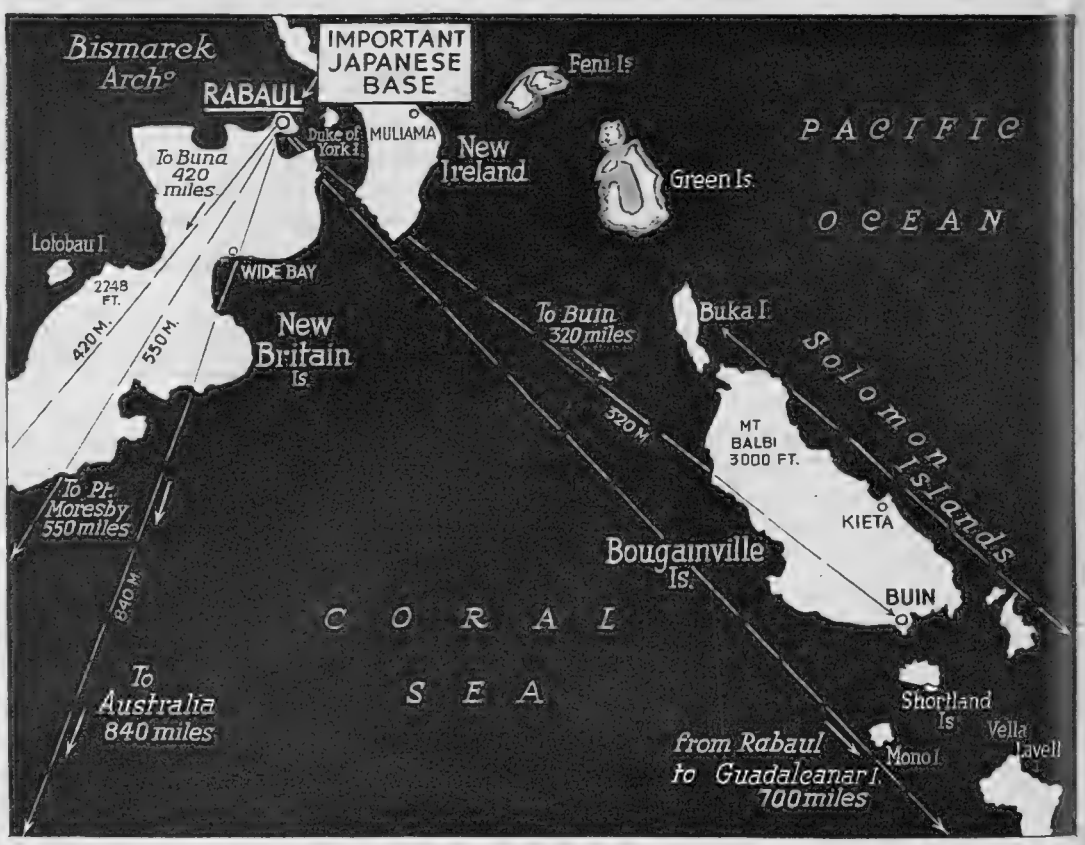
Judging from the amount of shipping which has been frequenting the harbour during recent months, it would appear that facilities for unloading ships must have been considerably increased of late. A force of from 25,000 to 30,000 men is reported to be quartered at Rabaul.

The latest blow to Japanese shipping occurred on October 24, when Flying Fortresses made a determined attack upon the concentration of enemy shipping in the harbour. Ten Japanese ships were sunk or damaged, including a cruiser and a destroyer. The raid took place under bright moonlight, which enabled the bombers to see their targets clearly, and all the planes returned safely.

OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE OWEN STANLEY RANGE, where the Australian forces are now descending the jungle slopes on the road down to Kokoda, main Jap defence point—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Japanese were recently threatening Port Moresby, on the south side of New Guinea, from a point only 60 miles away. They are now in retreat on the *north* side of the Owen Stanley Range, hurrying back before the relentless and determined Australian advance. Heavy fighting took place at various points as the summit ridge was reached, notably at Templeton's Crossing, but the Jap stand was not maintained, and the enemy, backed away to the summit of the "Gap" at Eora, the last position before the 5,000-ft. drop to the Japanese base at Kokoda begins. Eora, too, was not held for any length of time: it appeared that the enemy was not prepared to face flank attacks along the jungle trail. The country becomes more open as Kokoda is approached, the jungle being broken by large patches of tall grass. The road track makes a sharp right-angle turn towards Buna, the supply port on the northern coast. The valley of the River Kumasi cuts right across any retreat of the Japanese to the sea: there is only a bridge at Wairopi, and that would appear to be a native bridge in partially modernised form. Towards the end of October, heavy weather greatly impeded the advancing Australian forces, making active operations very difficult

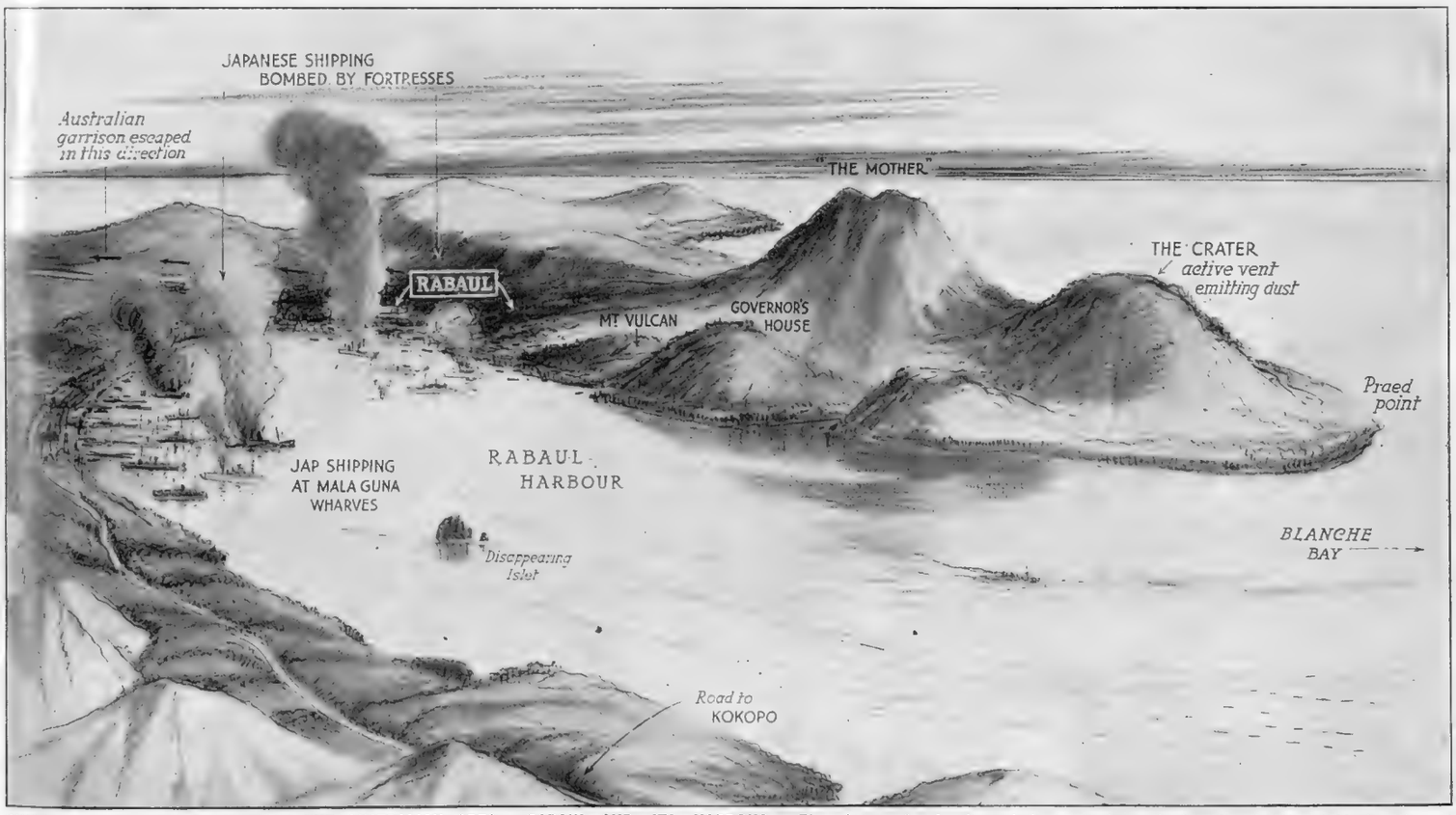
OVERLOOKING THE NEW GUINEA FRONT: An Allied sentry spotting for aircraft on top of "Ack-Ack Hill," near Port Moresby. The Japs have raided the latter town and harbour many times during the past few months. The spotter gives the inhabitants at Port Moresby warning when Jap aircraft are on the way



RABAUL IS SITUATED AT THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF NEW BRITAIN: Formerly it was the British capital of the Bismarck Archipelago; to-day it is the most important Japanese base in the South-West Pacific, from which enemy forces in New Guinea and the Solomons are supplied and reinforced. It is 840 miles from Australia; some 400 miles from New Guinea; and 700 miles from Guadalcanar

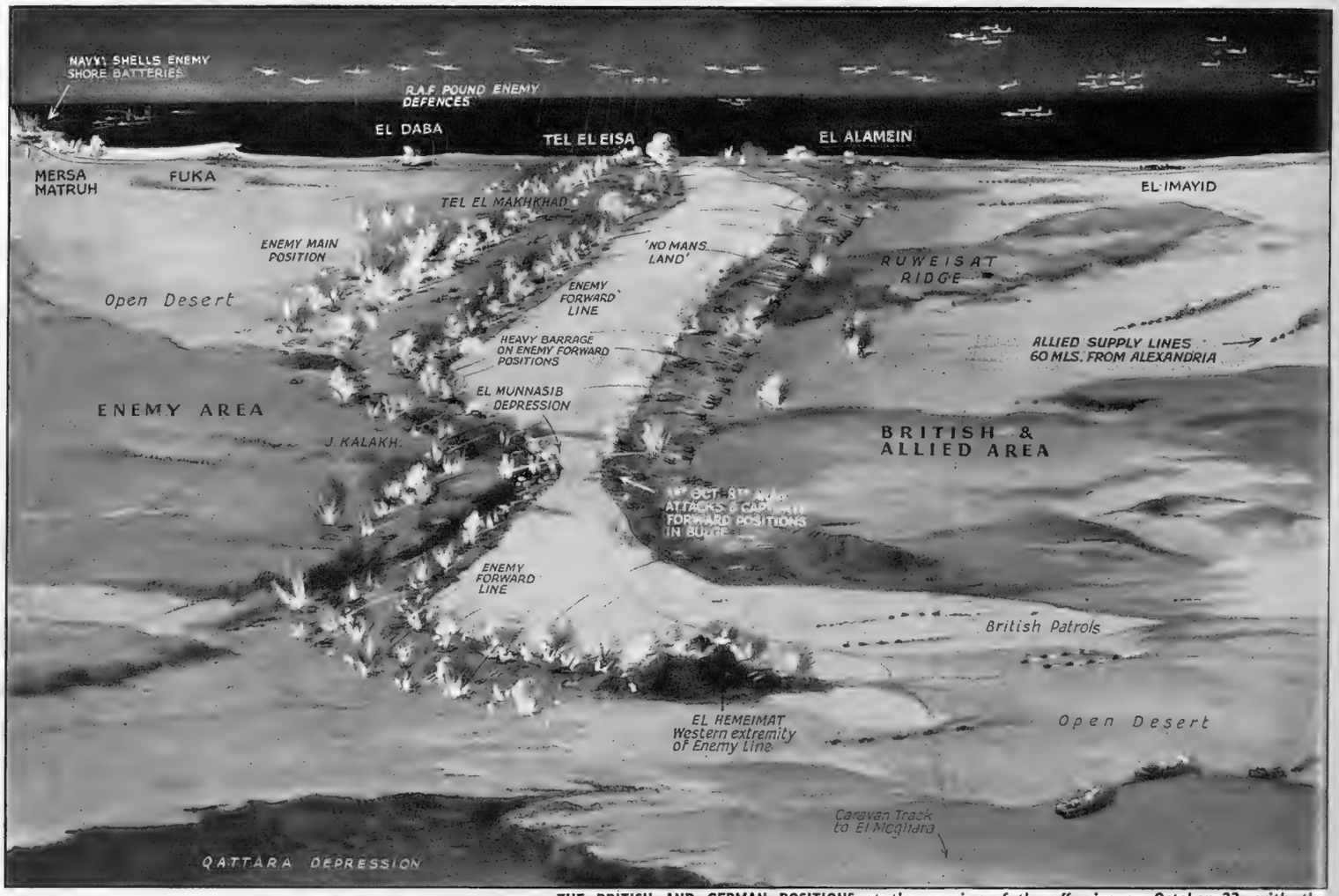
THE AUSTRALIANS MEET HEAVY RESISTANCE BY THE JAPS AT THE "GAP" IN THE OWEN STANLEY MOUNTAINS: Occasional grass patches break the jungle walls at places, and in the clearings the enemy have made many determined stands—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

When the Australian forces entered the "Gap," they had reached the 6,500-ft. pass through the highest part of the Owen Stanley Range. Beyond the "Gap" the track descends to Kokoda. For many miles, as the Australians toiled upwards, the enemy just disappeared through the jungle, putting up but the slightest resistance. As the summit was reached, however, the Japs began to adopt different tactics. At places in the dense jungle, the walls would occasionally recede, forming a clearing: here the retreating enemy would ensconce himself in prepared positions and put up a fight, sniping the infantry and fighting delaying actions wherever the nature of the terrain lent itself. Despite this jungle warfare the Australians progressed steadily



CHIEF BASE OF THE JAPANESE IN THE AUSTRALIAN AREA: RABAUL AND ITS HARBOUR. The latter is dominated by a twin-peaked volcano—the "Mother" and "Crater." Jap shipping here has been severely damaged by U.S. Fortresses—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The town of Rabaul is spread in a long curving line along the north-eastern shore of the fine harbour of Rabaul. This wide sheet of water is enclosed on all sides by palm-fringed beaches. As viewed from Kokopo, 9 miles along the coast to the south-east, the town of Rabaul is dominated by one particular peak, entitled the Mother. Further to the south there is another cone known as the Crater, which is joined to the Mother peak by a saddle. The Crater peak is the active vent for all the hidden volcanic pressures of the neighbourhood. Rabaul itself is outwardly very picturesque. The streets running parallel with the shore are lined by attractive bungalows set among tropical shrubs, palms and avenues of casuarina-trees. The sea is always a marvellous colour and the beaches look lovely—at a distance! As the shore of the bay sweeps round to the south, the undergrowth unchecked now by plantations creeps right down to the sea, and mud and mangrove swamps often complicate landing. As the eye follows the coastline towards Kokopo, the sun forms cloud shadows chasing each other across the foothills and dazzling beaches and picks out glittering lines of surf. Far to seaward a waterspout—like a burning oil tanker—moves sullenly on its majestic way. Presently a squall comes hissing across the water and gradually Rabaul and her jealous Mother are hidden by the ensuing downpour



THE BRITISH AND GERMAN POSITIONS at the opening of the offensive on October 23, with the wide gap of no man's land from Alamein to El Hemeimat—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

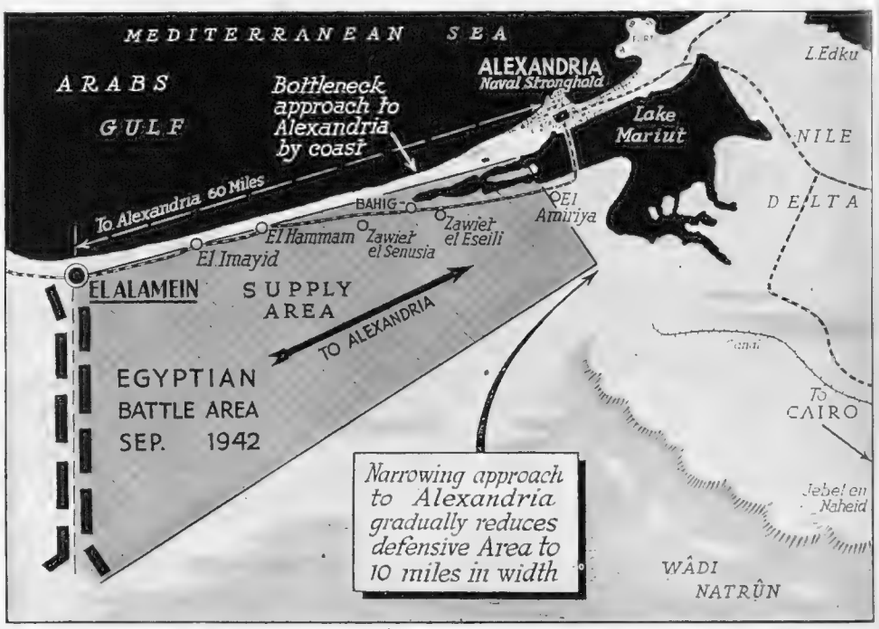
The OPENING of the OFFENSIVE in EGYPT

The Dispositions of the 8th Army and How the Attack was Launched

—*Special* Sphere *Diagrams and Notes*

We give here a lay-out of the battlefield at the opening of the offensive by the 8th Army. At the beginning of October we attacked on a small scale and straightened one minor bulge. Our "line," in consequence, consisted of a series of strongly-held positions running some 20 miles inland from El Alamein, on the railway near the coast, to a shallow depression at Deir el Munnasib—parts of which were taken from the Italians in the early October attack—after which it turned abruptly eastwards at the ridge of El Hemeimat, and continued back towards the Nile Valley. The whole series of positions had as backbone for part of their way the Ruweisat Ridge, a rocky outcrop running parallel to the sea. But maps and description alike tend to over-simplify what is in reality no clear-cut battlefield, but something more like a series of rabbit-warrens, almost touching each other at this point, separated by an open stretch (the bottom of a depression) at that. Thus the Axis positions could be approached only across a considerable "open" space the desert equivalent of no man's land, near El Alamein But their own ridges came near to Ruweisat in the centre, or farther south, and only a few yards—figuratively speaking—separated the opposing forces at Munnasib As for the Hemeimat "height," it stands like a little fortress above depressions, isolated from the main positions of either side

THE OFFICER IN COMMAND: Lieut.-General B. L. Montgomery, who took over the command of the 8th Army in August last. When the attack opened, his H.Q. were a tent in the desert



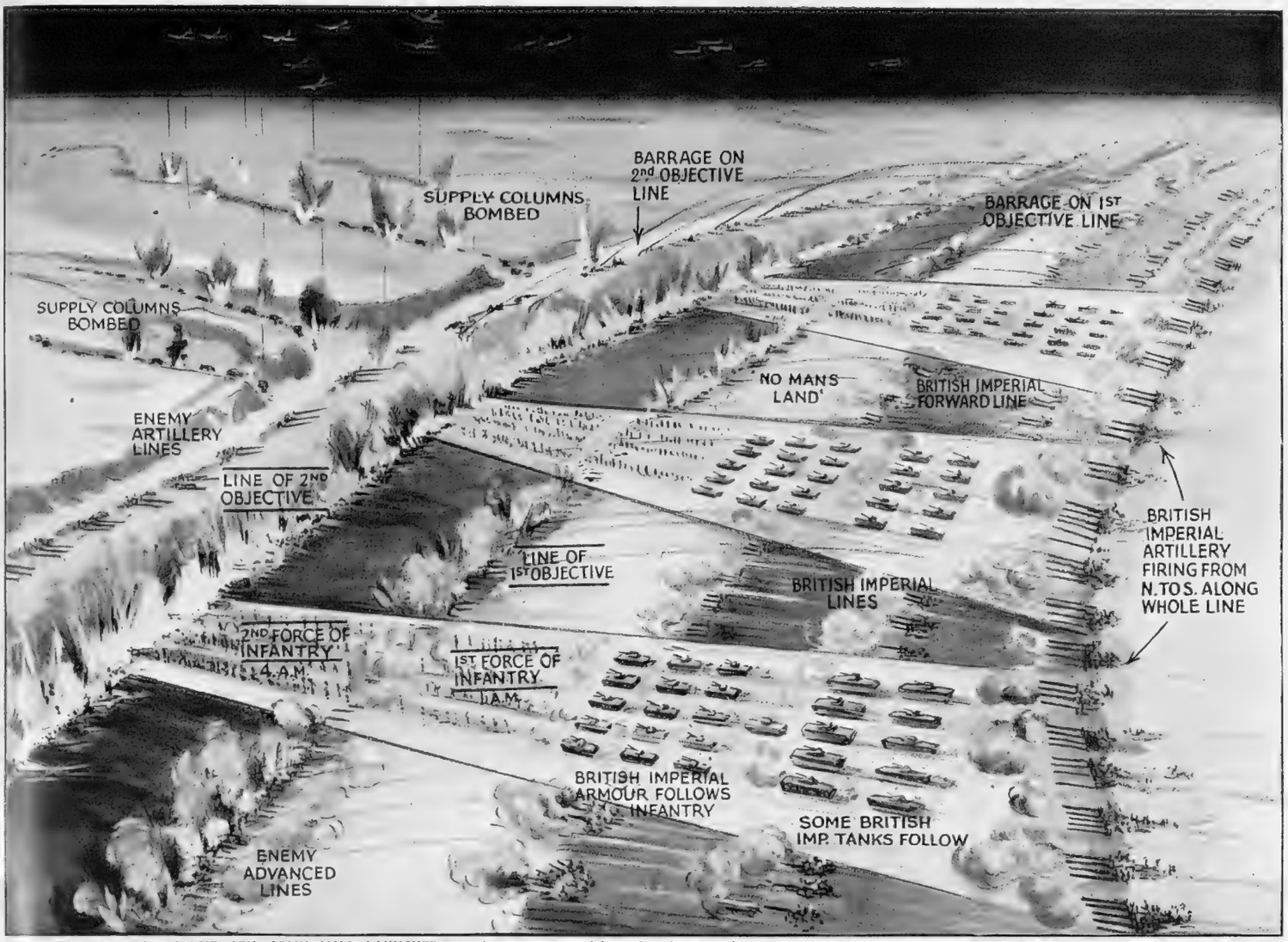
THE SUPPLY AREA BEHIND THE BRITISH FRONT IN EGYPT. This narrows down to a gap which is only about 10 miles wide outside Alexandria. The 8th Army has, therefore, little manœuvring space on which to fall back

General Wavell began his Libyan offensive on December 9, 1940; Auchinleck his on November 18, 1941; Montgomery on October 23, 1942.

This is because the autumnal rains usually come at about this period of the year to settle the swirling summer sands at last, to lower the day temperature and to make *efficient* campaigning possible. The term "efficient" is used because resolute men can fight in any kind of weather—as Rommel has demonstrated this year—but cannot achieve the best results

The rains are most unpleasant, flooding wadis, depressions and badly-sited slit-trenches and dug-outs, but the general effect is to lay the sand and make the surface suitable for vehicles.

When the offensive opened on October 23, it disclosed a strongly-reinforced British Army, re-equipped in carefully-chosen positions along a right-angular front under new commanders. It was believed to be at least as strong as, if not numerically stronger than, the Axis force; its lines of communication to



HOW THE ATTACK BY THE 8TH ARMY WAS LAUNCHED at the enemy positions in three main drives through the minefields—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Alamein positions are in a narrow bottleneck : therefore outflanking movements were out of the question. Consequently, General Montgomery had to concentrate his forces for a direct drive through the minefields thickly sown by the enemy at every vital point. To do this, a terrific artillery barrage was first laid down, and then the infantry—not tanks as hitherto in the desert—went forward. The first two lines were successfully attained, and then the British armour was brought up to the support of the infantry. The artillery and Air Force then pushed on ahead to bombard and bomb the enemy's rearward dispositions

FIRST FRUITS OF VICTORY : One of the batches of German prisoners captured within a few hours of the opening of the offensive—*a direct radio picture from Cairo*

Alexandria and Cairo are short, but it has little manœuvring space on which to fall back. The distance from El Alamein Station to Alexandria is only 60 miles : the British supply area narrows as it approaches the Nile Valley to a width of only 10 miles.

Still more important, it has probably been impossible completely to cover and densely patrol the area of desert which extends south-east from the main British positions via the Wadi Natrun to Cairo.

The Axis force comprised, on reliable evidence, the 15th and 21st Panzer Divisions, the 164th Infantry Division, the 90th Light Infantry Division, two or three Italian Divisions and one German and one Italian parachute regiment—by the end of September. During October, however, these have undoubtedly been reinforced, as we have on several occasions sighted glider-trains returning to Crete from the desert, and the Malta air distractions have probably covered some successful convoys.

In position the Axis force is not so favourably situated as ours. Some of the ridges they occupy on the escarpment that rises from the sea and continues to the Qattara Depression are slightly higher than our own, but there is no rich, short supply line to a fertile Nile Valley for Rommel. His nearest port of navigable consequence is distant Tobruk, and that a constant target for our heavy bombers. His supply columns and trains and transport aircraft must run the gauntlet of our fighters for many hundred miles.

No account of the battlefield would be complete without mention of that exceedingly "dark horse," the Qattara Depression. Contrary to the belief of some, this extensive tract of marshy ground—which will become increasingly marshy and perhaps totally impassable—is mainly on the Axis side. Therefore, it has forced the potential attackers on both sides to keep to the narrow, mined and strongly-held ridge country between Hemeimat and the sea.

THE OSCILLATIONS OF THE FIGHTING IN LIBYA

1941 : November 18—British forces began a big offensive in Libya ; troops advanced over 130 miles, from Sidi Omar in the north across the desert to Jarabub.

November 20—Allied forces captured Rezegh, ten miles south-east of Tobruk.

November 23—Fierce Battle of Tanks around Sidi Rezegh.

November 26—German tanks (with infantry) made a dash for the frontier, midway between Sidi Omar and Halfaya. Forced to retire west again after severe bombing.

November 27—Connection made with defenders of Tobruk.

December 2—Germans made tremendous concentrated effort, broke through corridor to Tobruk and reoccupied Rezegh.

December 7—Sidi Rezegh again recaptured and connection with Tobruk restored.

December 9—Rommel began to move slowly westwards—with Allied armoured forces pressing him closely.

December 15—Rommel's army forced into battle near Gazala. The battle lasted for three days.

December 18—German and Italian army again retreating, Allies pursuing.

December 25—British troops entered Benghazi—after a campaign of thirty-six days ; mechanised forces attack German army at Agedabia.

1942 : January 8—Enemy forces at Jedabia began retreating westwards again ; weather conditions very bad, slowing down pursuit. Rommel's rearguard resisting.

January 13—Sollum occupied.

January 16—Rommel took up strong position south of El Agheila.

January 17—Halfaya surrendered ; 5,500 prisoners.

January 22—Rommel sent out reconnaissance columns.

January 23—Rommel broke out and occupied Jedabia.

January 25—Tank battle on desert over wide area east of Jedabia.

January 26—Rommel advancing towards Benghazi.

January 29—Germans back in Benghazi.

February 1—Rommel's army passed Barce.

February 8—British forces withdrew to Gazala.

February 21—Rommel's army stationed east and south of Tmimi

A lull followed this, the opposing forces watching one another and consolidating positions.

May 30—Rommel resumed hostilities against British Gazala line.

June 18—Enemy reoccupied Libyan battle area.

June 21—Fall of Tobruk.

July 1—British retire to El Alamein line.

August 31—Rommel made determined attack on El Alamein position.

September 2—Rommel's attack repulsed by General Montgomery's forces.

October—Two Italian forward positions occupied.

October 23—British start offensive along the whole line.

JUST BEFORE THE OFFENSIVE OPENED: The 8th Army at Work in the Desert—*Special Sphere Drawings*

THE SANDSTORMS WHICH SWEPT THE DESERT DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER: One very severe storm came when heavy Allied air support was going out as a preliminary to a big attack by elements of the 8th Army. In this drawing a Staff car and lorry just behind the battle-line are seen immobilised during the progress of this severe sandstorm—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

For some weeks before the opening of the big offensive, the 8th Army along the Alamein front had to endure what proved to be the crescendo of the "Sandstorm Period." This occurs regularly over the North African desert region in the early autumn. The sandstorms on certain occasions recently were of such intensity that operations intended to lead up to the offensive were completely held up over the entire battle area. They began with rising winds which carried great masses of sand with them. These great masses come rolling across the desert face, creating the illusion of a pea-soup fog and, at times, blotting out every effect of the sun. The sand penetrates everything—if one is on the road in such a position as that shown by the artist above, the track and all other landmarks rapidly vanish. The sand endeavours to penetrate every piece of mechanism: it is the enemy of the tank and the gun and the aeroplane. It whips against the face and the hands with such force that one is compelled to take cover at once. A recent storm lasted for nearly two days; others are of much briefer duration. During the massed air assaults just prior to the opening of the offensive, another great storm blew up. But now that the season of the rains has arrived, the heavy downpours will have the effect of binding the desert surface together. From now on, sandstorms should prove only occasional and localised phenomena in Egypt

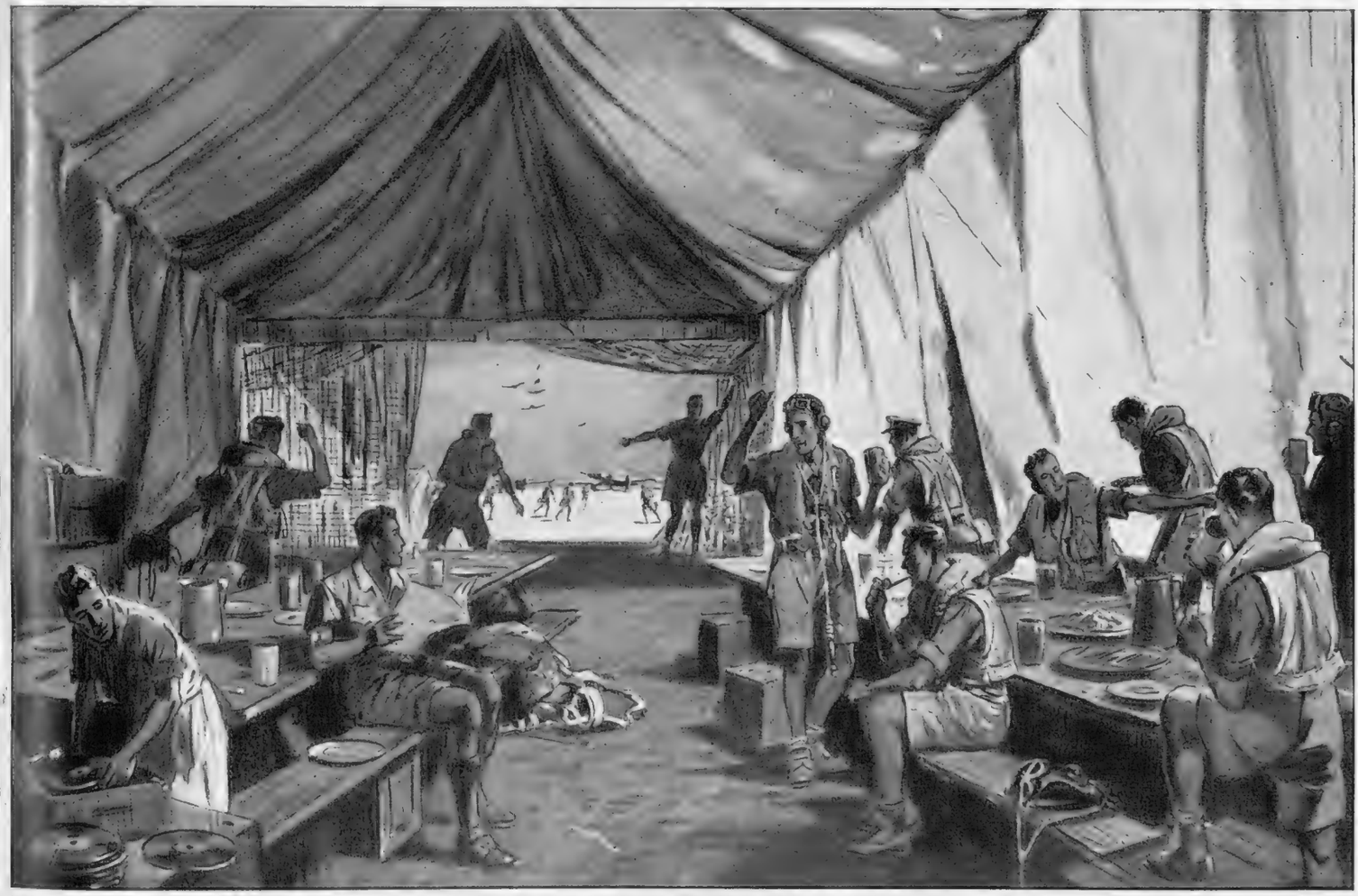
On right—Men of the Greek Army are once again fighting side by side with British soldiers in Egypt. Just before the big offensive they were in front-line positions with the 8th Army, and sharing in operations against the Italians—their hated enemy. The Greeks have been re-equipped with the most modern weapons; but they do not always use them! The high-light of their performance in the Western Desert was an attack on an Italian position in pitch darkness. Armed with knives and cudgels, they sent the enemy fleeing for their lives, yelling in panic-stricken confusion. The Greeks themselves chose their primitive weapons for the excursion. Tough mountain peasants, with previous experience of Mussolini's half-hearted hordes, they stole in on the enemy under cover of darkness and surrounded their objective—a forward post. They then suddenly swooped on it, rending the night with the traditional Greek battle-cry. Several of the Italians met their deaths on the spot; others were bludgeoned into unconsciousness and dragged away as prisoners

THE GREEK ARMY IS RE-FORMED IN EGYPT: Armed with knives and cudgels (their own choice for night operations!), the Greeks overrun an Italian position in pitch darkness—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

NEW CANDIDATES FOR THE "LATE ARRIVALS CLUB": An incident on the way back after a forced landing in the desert. The six members of the crew of a Wellington decide to round up enemy transport to take them back to the British lines—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The latest Royal Air Force crew to walk back covered over 350 miles of enemy territory to rejoin their squadron after an absence of thirty days. They thus qualify for membership of the famous "late arrivals club"—having set up a new record. Five men took part in the long trek across the desert. They were the crew of a Wellington bomber which forced-landed after raiding Tobruk. When the inevitable desert sores began to appear, and food was getting short, it was decided that an attempt to commandeer transport must be made. "We steered our course for the road and held a conference," said the pilot officer. "I went ahead to scout. From a hill I could see in the moonlight two lorries parked about 50 yards apart. The navigator and rear-gunner were left in charge of the kit and the remainder of us crept up to the nearest lorry. The rear-gunner and I went to the driver's seat. I heard our two pilots, who had gone to the rear of the lorry, telling the occupants to put up their hands, but the driver, who had heard our approach, was now making a terrible row, so I tapped him over the head with the butt of my revolver. Unfortunately for us, both lorries were filled with troops; those in the second truck now piled out and started firing on us. I hadn't tapped the driver hard enough, because he managed to wrench the revolver away from our rear-gunner, who had a paralysed arm anyway. He then fired and hit our chap.

"There was a terrific uproar of shouts and shots going on, but I managed to get clear. In the confusion, unfortunately, we lost touch with our rear-gunner, the Belgian, who did not manage to rejoin us." The five men marched on in short spurts for another week. At last they ran into an army unit and were transported back to their squadron after an absence of thirty days



HOW THE DESERT FIGHTER SQUADRONS LIVE—in large tents at the edge of improvised landing-grounds: As "Stuka time" draws near towards dusk, the fighter-pilots prepare to take the air to fight off the enemy—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

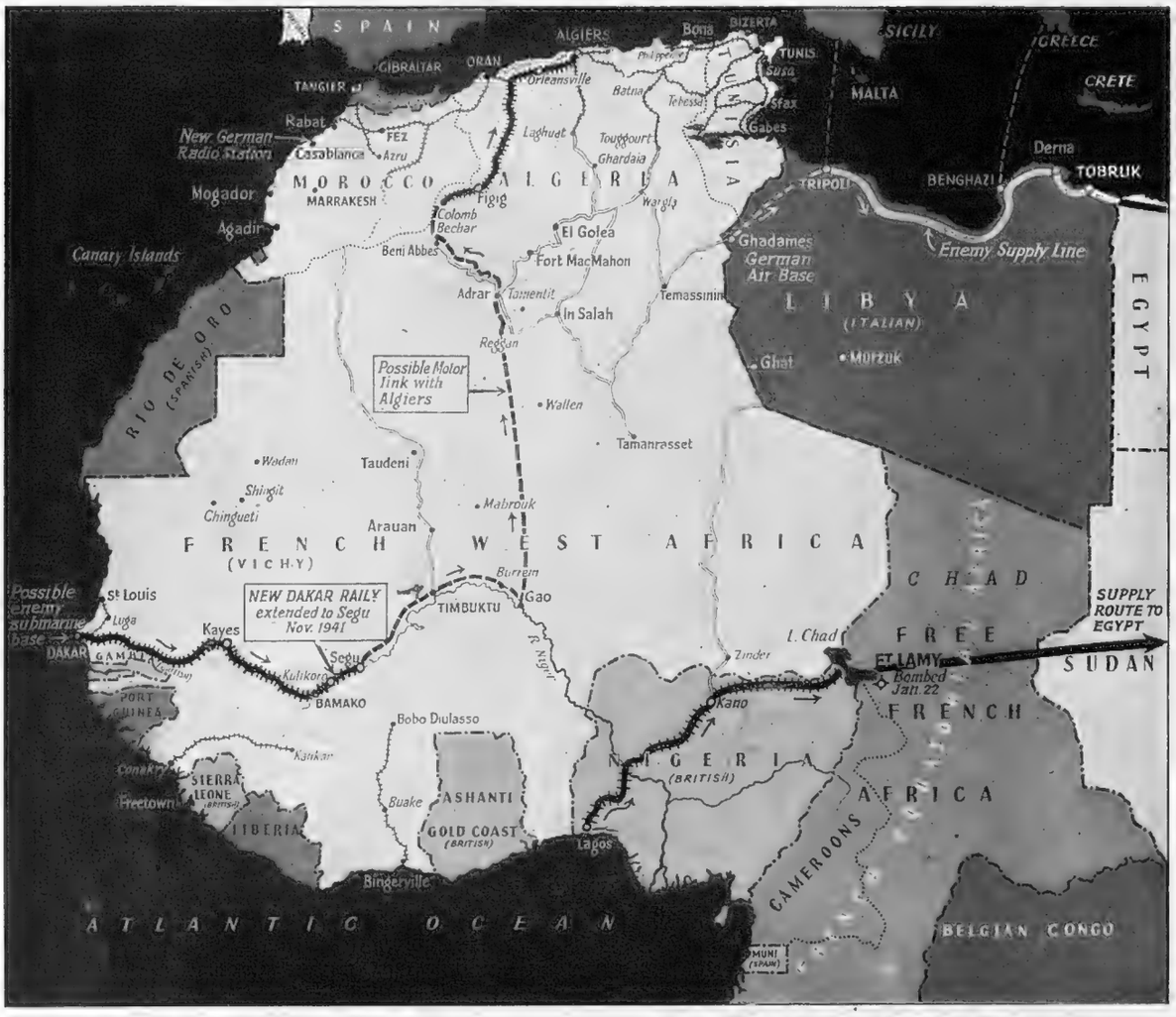
The famous Kittyhawk Squadron of the R.A.F. has its mess in the Desert in a tent. The "floor" is coarse matting laid over the sand; the tables are benches, alongside which are ranged forms supported on empty petrol-tins; a gramophone supplies music at lunch; and the view looks out on to a flat prospect of desert and sandstorms. The storms are a daily feature (or, rather, were—until the coming of the rains): when they are over, and dusk is almost beginning to fall, it is "Stuka time"—the hour towards evening when the Stukas, favoured by the setting sun, fly eastwards, always heavily escorted by Messerschmitts. Then all is activity within the mess tent: tea and cakes are abandoned as the pilots dash off to engage the enemy. Out on the ground outside, their aircraft wait; in a few scant minutes the tent empties and planes roar off in great swirls of sand

WEST AFRICA and THE MIDDLE EAST

Two Widely Separated Areas which are Now Being Linked

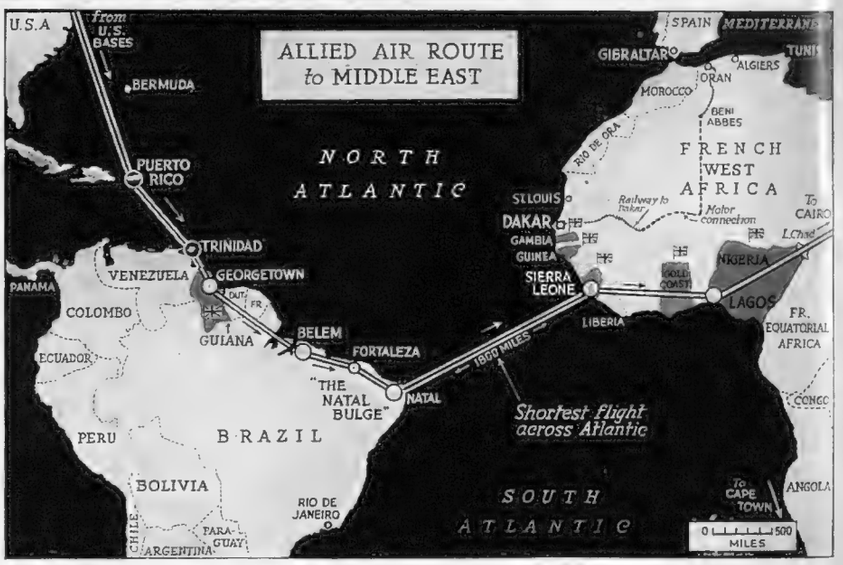
—With Special Sphere Diagrams

Since the British attack on Dakar, where powerful units of the French Fleet were sheltering, in September 1940, the West African situation has undergone a most complete change. To-day, the West Coast has become linked up with Egypt, and the whole Middle East, by reason of the roads and the air routes which have been constructed from west to east. Into the great British ports of entry, a stream of munitions and supplies has been poured, thus shortening the former routes, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, for urgent materials.



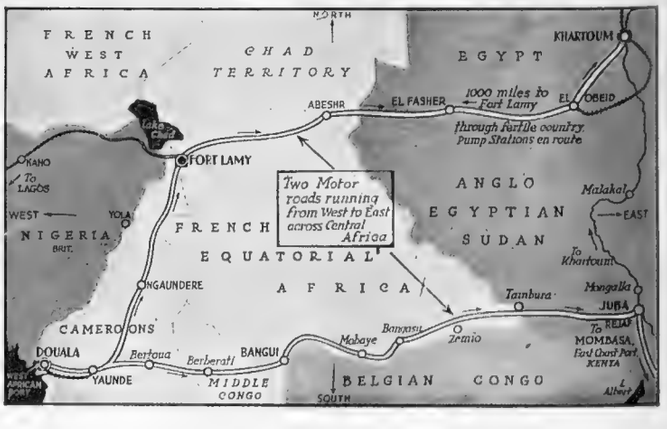
THIS MAP ILLUSTRATES THE GREAT AFRICAN "BULGE," and shows the two rival supply routes into the West African region and the whole of the coastline and the hinterland territory

THE BRITISH RESIDENT MINISTER IN WEST AFRICA IS VISCOUNT SWINTON. His residence is at Accra, on the Gold Coast. Above, he is seen with one of the first Assistant District Commissioners to be appointed under a new scheme whereby Africans are admitted to the Administrative Service



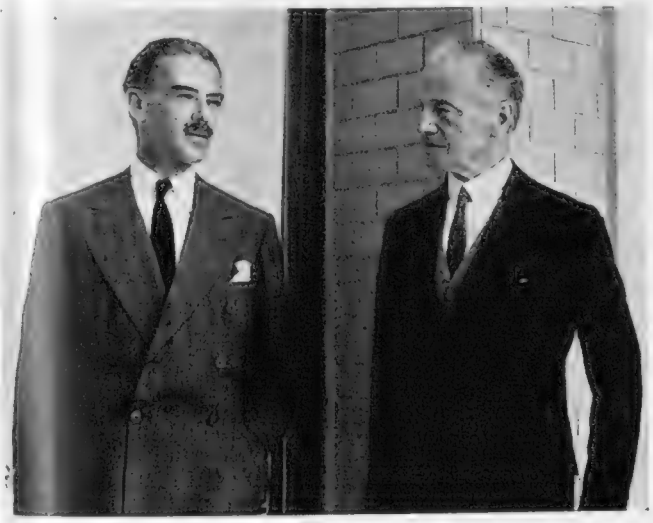
MORE SUPPLIES FOR THE MIDDLE EAST: Large quantities of war materials of all kinds continue to arrive for the Army from Great Britain and the U.S.A. Here, tons of bully beef are being loaded on to trucks on the quayside

THE ALLIED AIR ROUTE from the New to the Old Worlds. Facing the "Dakar bulge" is the "Natal bulge": the importance of these two areas is obvious. The flying route across the South Atlantic is a vital line for supplies in reinforcement of our Middle East establishments. *Below*—**The route across the heart of Central Africa to Egypt** is indicated. One road runs by way of Fort Lamy to the Chad area and on to Khartoum and Egypt: the other goes due east to Juba and the East Coast ports. (This map—first published in *The Sphere* some months ago—has since been published in German newspapers)



A KEY POSITION IN THE WEST AFRICAN—AND SOUTH ATLANTIC—WAR THEATRE : The harbour and aerodrome at Dakar and the peninsula of Cape Verde—*Drawing by Gordon Home*

Dakar stands on the peninsula of Cape Verde, the most westerly promontory of Africa. It has already been the scene of one British attack, when it was accommodating powerful units of the French fleet ; and it still continues to excite the Germans ! The South Atlantic crossing at this point is only a distance of 1,800 miles, less than the distance to Tangier ! The lay-out of the town, harbour and aerodrome has rarely been given in completeness : the aerodrome is big and capable of taking the largest types of aircraft. The harbour, also, is big, with an arsenal and a dry dock. Lying off the mainland is the island of Goree, which at one time (in 1691) was occupied by the British and held by us till 1697. It has a fortified harbour



THE MINISTER OF STATE AND HIS DEPUTY IN CAIRO : Mr. R. G. Casey, the Australian statesman, was appointed some time ago by Mr. Churchill : his Deputy, Lord Moyne, has just arrived in Cairo to assist the Minister in his heavy tasks in the Middle East

On right—**ALONG THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST the R.A.F. continue to hit hard at the enemy supply lines.** This picture was taken during last month at Benghazi : it shows bombs bursting on the docks and shipping in the harbour. 1—A direct hit on a medium-sized vessel. (This ship was seen later to be burned out.) 2—A hit on a smaller merchant vessel. 3—Bombs bursting near ships. 4—Bomb-bursts close to large vessels used as landing stage for unloading supplies. 5—Direct hit on the former residence of the Italian Governor of Libya (later used as Italian Military Headquarters)

The BATTLE for the SOLOMON ISLANDS

U.S. MARINES FIGHTING A FIRE IN ONE OF THE HANGARS AT GUADALCANAR AIRFIELD, apparently caused during a Japanese air attack. Note the fuel barrels in the foreground and the aeroplane behind, which have been rolled to safety. Though the Japs have raided this base frequently only slight damage has been caused by them

AN AMERICAN NAVAL PILOT, whose aircraft was brought down in the Solomon Islands fighting, is rescued from the sea and taken aboard a landing-barge operated by the Marines. He seemed little the worse for his adventure!

AMERICAN REINFORCEMENTS REACH THE SOLOMONS: U.S. transports and lighters rounding the island of Tulagi *en route* for nearby Guadalcanar, where heavy fighting has been in progress. The naval vessels thread their way through fantastic coral islands, aided by the prevailing sea mists.—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

U.S. MARINES, armed with Springfield rifles, in one of their "fox-holes" on Guadalcanar Island in the Solomons

Ever since the American Expeditionary Force made its surprise seizure of various points in the Solomon Islands group, both sides have been endeavouring to ship through supplies and reinforcements to their various bases amongst the islands. In this task of eluding detection, commanders of convoys have been materially aided by the haze which occurs in this area of excessively heavy rainfall. There are numerous islands which provide cover and which enable the U.S. vessels to "vanish" into the blue after an engagement. The chief point of activity in recent weeks has been Guadalcanar, in the neighbourhood of which is also Tulagi. Above, Mr. Montague Dawson depicts transport vessels and lighters taking reinforcements and supplies to the fighting-zone skirting a typical piece of Solomon Islands coast scenery. Bizarre-shaped rocks jut out from the shore-jungle as abrupt headlands, while small islets off the shore are worn into fantastic shapes by the action of the weather. These islands are typical of the more melodramatic side of Pacific Ocean life

On left—**U.S. NAVAL FORCES SINK A JAP CRUISER AND FOUR DESTROYERS, during an attempt by the enemy to reinforce Guadalcanar**

—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The naval fighting around the Solomons has been of unprecedented severity, with both Americans and Japanese incurring considerable losses. The incident recorded here took place when a U.S. Squadron successfully intercepted a Jap force which was attempting to bring troop reinforcements to the islands. After a thirty-minute battle, the enemy fled, but not before they had lost six ships! These were a heavy cruiser of the Nati or Atago class (9,850 tons)—seen on the left above, four destroyers, and an enemy transport of about 5,000 tons. The U.S. cruiser seen on the right above is of the Minneapolis class, also of 9,850 tons

JAP PRISONERS BOW LOW AS THEIR NAMES ARE CALLED. These men, captured by U.S. Marines on Guadalcanar, are mostly Naval reservists, who were engaged on construction work. Note their typically Japanese footwear with split toes

The U-BOAT PACKS in OPERATION

A Recent Four-day Attack, and a Two-day Attack by German Submarines: And the Air Cover which Shore-based Aircraft now Provide for the Convoys

—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

A Norwegian escort group, which has been protecting British convoys in the Atlantic for over a year, recently won its first battle honours. In a forty-eight-hour fight, they beat off relays of U-boats, which attacked in packs of as many as seven at a time.

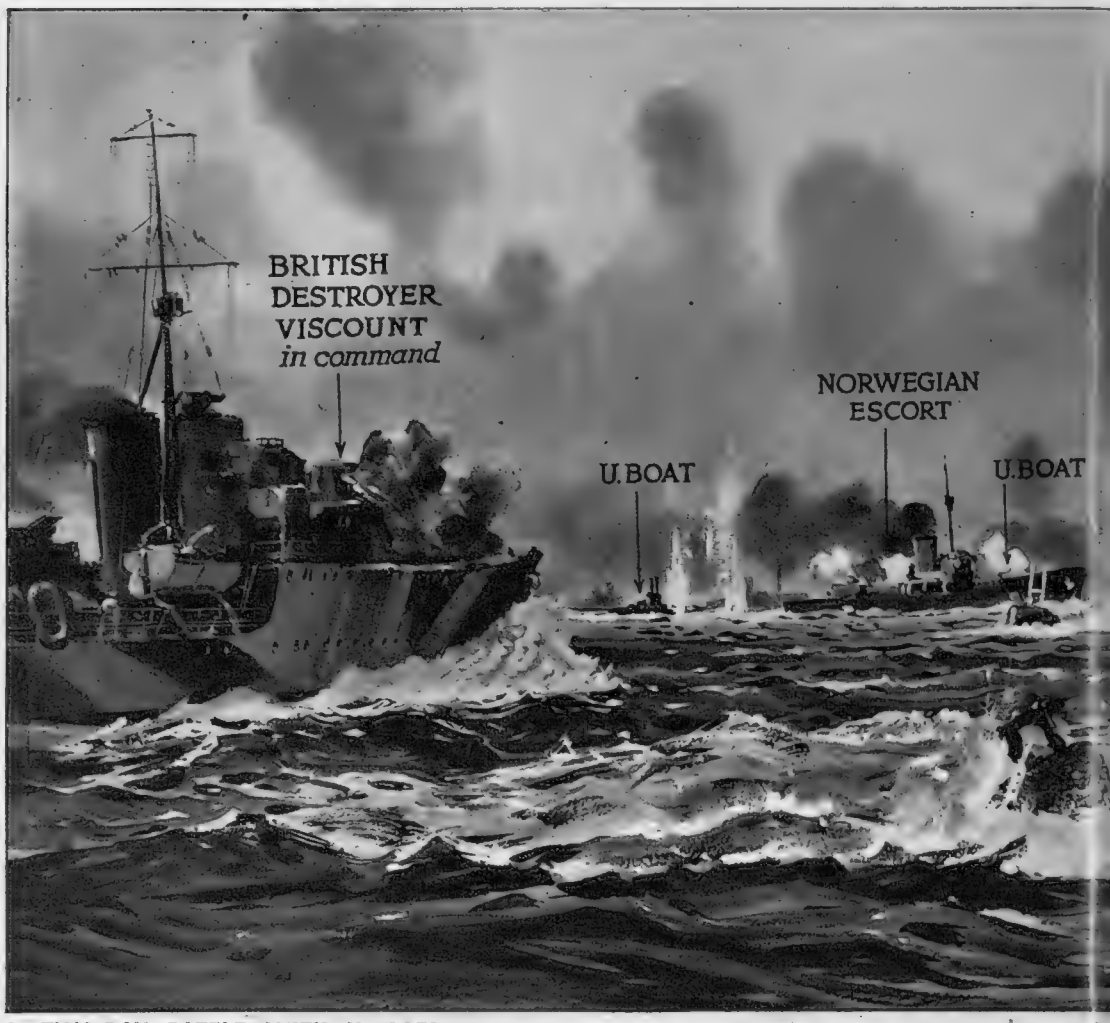
In two days and two nights, the escort group (consisting of four Norwegian corvettes, under the command of a British destroyer) sighted U-boats on the surface on eighteen occasions, carried out thirty-three depth-charge attacks, engaged with gunfire eleven times and made several attempts to ram.

At least four U-boats received serious damage, and several others were hit by gunfire. The U-boats always outnumbered the escorts. They attacked in daylight and in moonlight. Time and time again the corvettes turned on the enemy, engaging them with gunfire, forcing them to dive and then kept them down with depth-charges. At night these encounters were separate battles, often fought simultaneously. The scene was lit by star-shell, the glow of tracers and the glimmer of calcium flares.

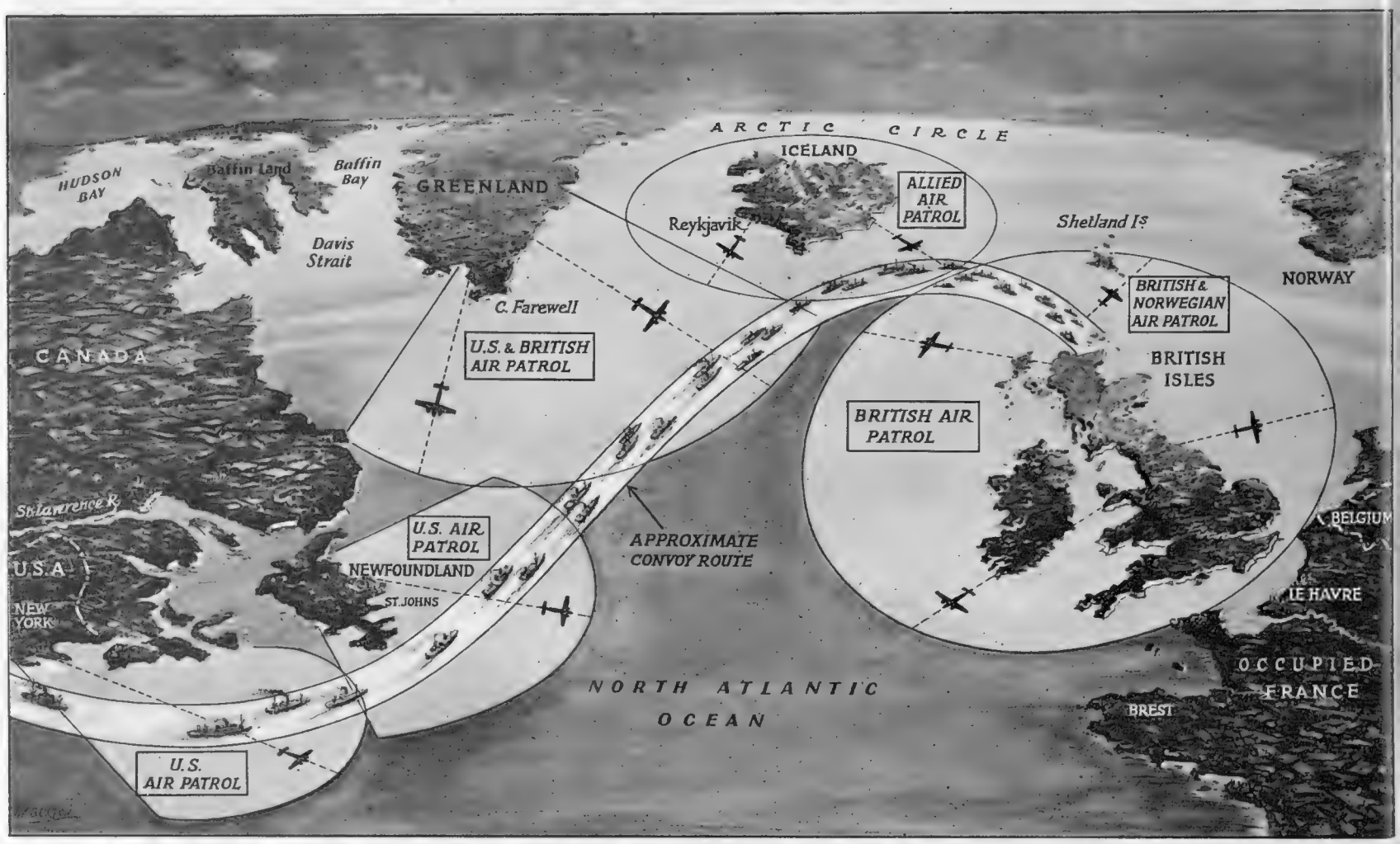
On one occasion, the Norwegian corvette H.M.S. *Potentilla*, which carried out seven attacks, dropped depth-charges around a U-boat while she was still awash. Twelve minutes later she sighted another U-boat at 300 yards. Hits were scored with gunfire. Missing ramming by a few feet, she dropped a pattern of depth-charges alongside the conning-tower as the submarine dived.

The British destroyer H.M.S. *Viscount* made nine attacks. During one of them a submarine attempted to crash-dive while being overhauled under fire. Her bows rose to an angle of 50 degrees, she lost way and slid down stern first out of control. A pattern of depth-charges over the swirl probably finished her.

The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Viscount* had great praise for the efficiency of the Norwegian corvettes in their first scrap with the enemy. "Whenever the cry of 'Tally-ho' went up," he said, "I had only to check bearings to find the submarine." "One of the features of the action was the uncanny skill of the Norwegians in sighting submarines," said an officer of the British destroyer. "There was an officer in the crow's-nest and even above the cross-trees of each Norwegian ship, and every man on deck was a look-out."

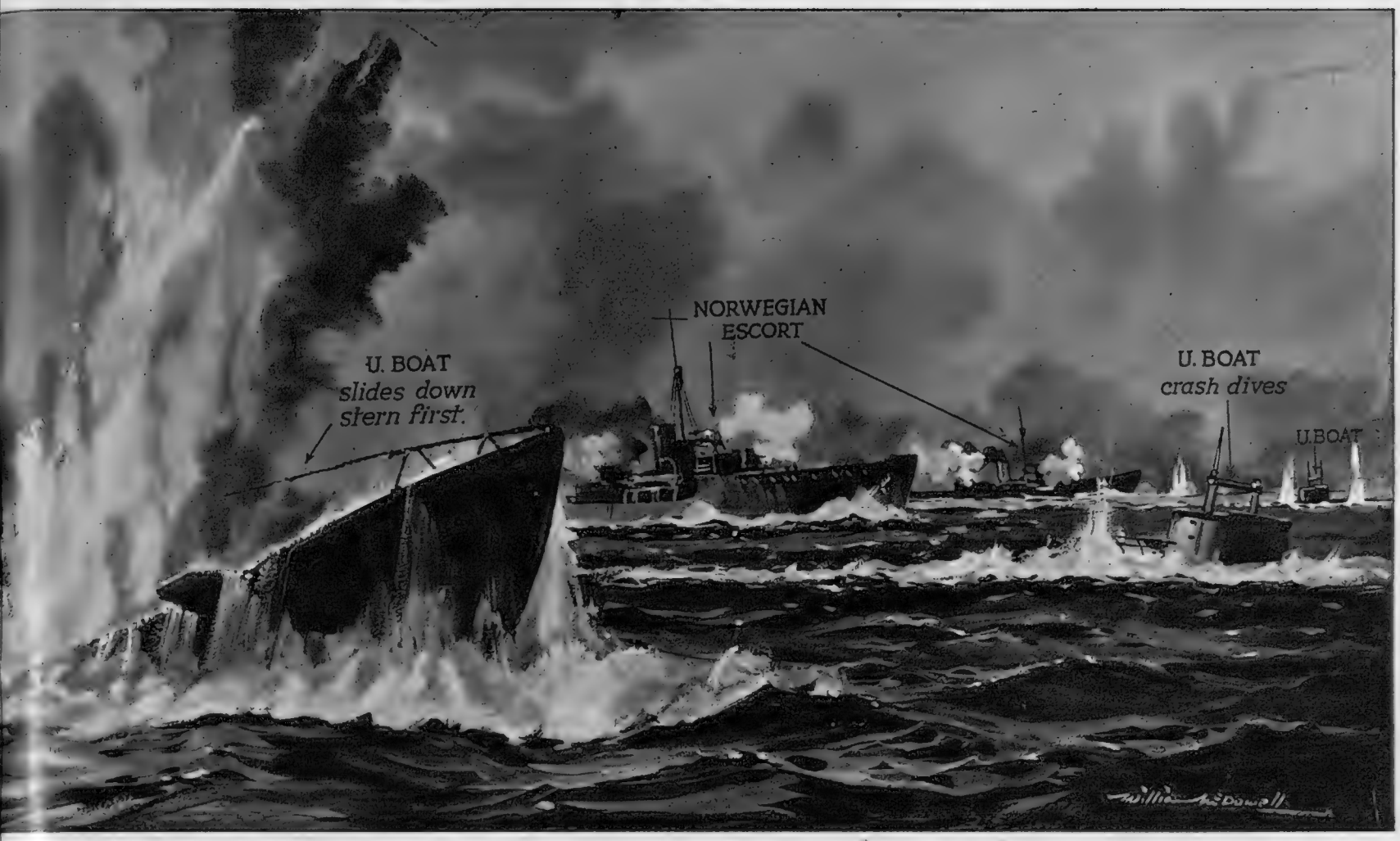


A TWO-DAY BATTLE WITH U-BOATS: A picture-diagram of the submarine attack on a Norwegian escort group which was working under a British destroyer. The U-boats attacked seven at a time, always outnumbering the escort! At least four of them received serious damage. In this picture, the Norwegian corvettes and the British destroyer "Viscount" are engaging the pack: on the left, the destroyer is sinking the U-boat by depth-charge and gunfire; on the right, a submarine, hotly engaged by corvettes, makes a crash-dive—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*



AIR COVER FOR THE CONVOYS: How convoyed vessels crossing the Atlantic now have land-based air protection from five main positions. From New York to the British Isles, this "umbrella" can now operate with one area after another taking up the vital task—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

It has recently been revealed that our Atlantic convoys now receive air cover over the whole of the vital North Atlantic route, from New York and Canada to Britain. How this is done is revealed by the above diagram, which shows how Allied aircraft carry out the job by using land aerodromes in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland and Great Britain. From the Orkneys to Reykjavik (the Icelandic base of the United Nations) is a distance of more than 700 miles. From Reykjavik to Greenland is another 950 miles; then on to Halifax, in Canada, still another 1,300 miles, skirting the coast of Newfoundland. (Coastal Command, which covers the eastern sector of the Atlantic route, now has more operational aircraft than the whole R.A.F. possessed before the war!) As the speed and the range of our aircraft increase, so wider areas can be swept clear of the enemy. The Sunderland has a range of nearly 2,000 miles; the Hudson is capable of more than that; the Catalinas are good for 4,000 miles. Recently, Liberators and powerfully-armed Flying Fortresses were also taken in to Coastal Command operations. Weather is still a factor which must be taken into account; but by operating so many aircraft from so many bases, it would appear that our merchantmen are now getting considerable support in their gallant efforts to keep this country supplied and reinforced



A U-BOAT PACK IN OPERATION: A four-day incident which befell a large Atlantic convoy, shown in diagram—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Shadowed for four days by a U-boat pack, a large Atlantic convoy arrived safely in Britain, under the protection of the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force Coastal Command and U.S. Navy aircraft, which co-operated against the submarines so successfully that not one torpedo attack was delivered.

Early one afternoon several U-boats were reported by the convoy. At that stage long-range reconnaissance aircraft lent their aid. Early next morning Catalina flying-boats of the United States Navy took off from Iceland to sweep the mid-Atlantic area in which the convoy was steaming. But no submarines were sighted. The pack was awaiting better conditions. On the following day Coastal Command Flying Fortresses, Liberators and Hudsons, and a Catalina from a Norwegian squadron of Coastal Command joined the Americans.

The pack had increased in numbers, and an attack seemed imminent. At first light the American Catalinas were over the convoy, and soon they attacked two U-boats, which partly surfaced. Oil came to the surface after one lot of bombs had exploded. The U-boats were compelled to dive precipitately. Early that afternoon a submarine, several miles away, crash-dived before a Liberator could reach her, but later the same aircraft found another U-boat, which was forced to submerge and lose contact with the convoy. In less than an hour the Liberator saw a third enemy.

A few miles away a Hudson, sighting a submarine, swept low over the water, machine-guns blazing. Bombs were released on the submerging U-boat, and in a few seconds masses of oil and air bubbles broke surface, to be followed ten minutes later by wreckage. A Fortress which saw two U-boats attacked one and caused the other to dive, and in the evening two American Catalinas each carried out an attack.

The next day air support was given on the same scale. But the crises had passed. Only two U-boats were sighted. One was attacked by a Hudson; the other crash-dived before the aircraft could attack. Twenty-four hours later the convoy had reached British waters and the danger was passed

A VETERAN BRITISH DESTROYER, BUILT IN THE LAST WAR, STILL IN ACTIVE COMMISSION AFTER 25 YEARS OF SERVICE: H.M.S. "Vanoc" (of the Admiralty V Class), launched in June 1917; a vessel of 1,090 tons displacement—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

FIVE TIMES Round The EQUATOR

A Wonderful Steaming Record by H.M.S. "Vanoc"

The British destroyer *Vanoc*, which recently celebrated her Silver Jubilee, has built up an exceptionally high steaming record for her type of war vessel. A few days before her twenty-fifth birthday, she steamed 17,400 miles in three months, and was at sea for seventy-one days out of ninety. The engines responsible for this performance are those which were fitted into the ship in November 1916. Since the outbreak of war, *Vanoc* has steamed 126,000 miles, equal to five times round the Equator. She has escorted one hundred Atlantic convoys and carried out twenty-three Channel patrols. She was in the Norwegian campaign, and she helped in the evacuation from France in 1940. In March 1941, together with H.M.S. *Walker*, she sank two U-boats in one night: one of these she rammed. The destroyer is only a little younger than H.M.S. *Skate*, Britain's oldest destroyer (of which we published a drawing in the issue of August 8, 1942). The ship has been adopted by Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

Vanoc has a length of 312 ft. and a beam of 29½ ft.: she is armed with four 4-in. guns and anti-aircraft weapons. Her speed is about 31 knots. In the above drawing, note the open gun-shields, the arrangement of the funnels and the "bandstand" for the searchlight, which mark this class of vessel as being "last war".

SIX OLD U.S. SUBMARINES JOIN THE SCRAP-HEAP: Vessels of the O and S classes in the Philadelphia Navy Yard before being towed away

This picture was taken at Philadelphia as tugs took these six out-of-date submarines in tow on October 15 en route up the Delaware River to the Northern Metals Company plant, where they will be scrapped and the metal sent to steel plants to make new steel. The submarines are the *O1*, built in 1917 and of 480 tons; and the *S3*, *S6*, *S7*, *S8* and *S9*—each of 790 tons and built between 1919 and 1921. The vessels had been tied up in the Reserve Basin of the Navy Yard for some time: they had long been condemned as being of no further use as submarines. According to "Jane's Fighting Ships," an official report on the S class made as far back as 1925 stated that "experience in manœuvres indicates that these vessels cannot be considered as a satisfactory type of fleet submarines." All were taken in hand for refit and recommissioning in 1940-1941

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S TOUR OF VISITS since her Arrival in Britain

AT AN A.T.A. ESTABLISHMENT IN THE HOME COUNTIES, where a number of American ferry pilots are employed by the R.A.F. Mrs. Roosevelt spoke to workers in the hangars through the microphone. On the right is Mrs. Churchill, who accompanied her to the aerodrome

ENTERTAINED TO LUNCH BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: Chatting to Lord Latham, Leader of the L.C.C., at County Hall

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S SECRETARY, Miss Malvina Thompson, who is accompanying the President's wife and who has been her friend for very many years

MRS. ROOSEVELT VISITS R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND HEADQUARTERS: Here she inspected the Operations Room and had tea with Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas and Lady Douglas. In this picture she is seen signing the Visitors' Book at Headquarters: the Commander-in-Chief is on her right

AT THE W.V.S. HEADQUARTERS IN EATON SQUARE: Inspecting toys for children. From left to right are Lady Reading (Chief of the W.V.S.), Mrs. Bingham (who has just come over from the U.S.), Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Churchill. From this depot clothes go out to refugees, bombed people and families of men serving in H.M. Forces

IN THE "BLITZED" AREAS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Mrs. Roosevelt, with Major E. G. Bex, a Civil Defence official, inspecting an area in the Aldersgate district. Later she saw defence personnel at exercise

AT THE WASHINGTON CLUB IN LONDON: Mrs. Roosevelt watches two U.S. soldiers on leave at a game of draughts

SAITHE, SAITHE . . .

—Or, Have You the Megrims?

A Discourse on the "New" Fish and How to Eat Them

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is just a month since the new Fish Distribution Scheme was launched by the Ministry of Food, and many of you will already have found new kinds of fish at the fishmonger's—some with strange names and even stranger appearances. Actually, you have eaten most, if not all, of them under more refined names. Thus, many a witch has been sold as a sole, many a saithe has been eaten as a cod and many a megrim (believe it or not) has been eaten as plaice or some other flat fish, being a longer and larger version of a dab. Dogfish and ling (sometimes known as a woof) have been eaten in fried-fish shops and in *bouillabaisse*. As for rock-salmon, this can conceal the identity of either catfish and monkfish, while brill, known as the workhouse turbot, has often been passed off as hake.

Of the lesser-known types of fish to which the public attention is now being drawn, gurnet (*grondin* in French), bream and John Dory (*St. Pierre* in French) are actually delicacies. Most people who have travelled on the Continent have eaten *raie au beurre noir*, which is, of course, our old friend, the skate; just as *merluche* is hake, dogfish is *roussette* and catfish is *loup de mer*. (Most of them sound more attractive in French.) In France, saithe is known as *colin*, and very good too; while the monkfish has been eaten by many of us under the name of *baudroie*. Here is Madame Prunier's recipe for monkfish:

"A fillet is boned and skinned and cooked as follows: lay it in a buttered, fireproof dish in which you have first put a seasoned layer of very finely-chopped shallot and onion and chopped parsley and mushrooms. Moisten with a glass of dry white wine, and cook in the oven When done, arrange the fish on your serving-dish; reduce the cooking liquor, thicken it with butter, and then add a little white wine sauce. Cover the fish, sprinkle with bread-crumbs only, and brown quickly."

Saithe, by the way, is a cousin of the cod, and has firmer flesh, but its skin is so dark in colour, because it swims over the volcanic rock at the bottom of the sea round Iceland, that it is sometimes known as coalie. Here—as we are all going to meet it—is a recipe for it, together with others for ling, gurnet and rock-salmon:

SAITHE SLICES

	FOR 4	FOR 100
Saithe	2 lb.	12 lb.
Sliced potatoes	½ lb.	18 lb.
Sticks of celery chopped	1	6
Chopped parsley	2 teaspns.	6 tblespns.
Salt and pepper.		
PASTRY:		
Flour	1 lb.	4 lb.
Potato	½ lb.	2 lb.
Fat	4 ozs.	1½ lb.

Method: Make the pastry and roll out into two large squares. Fillet and cut the saithe into neat pieces. Mix the fish with the seasoning and vegetables and pile some on to each square of pastry. Fold the sides of each piece of pastry to middle, brush with milk, cut a hole in the top and bake in moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with parsley sauce.

LING WITH CHUTNEY

	FOR 4	FOR 100
Fish	2 lb.	21 lb.
Sauce	½ pint	7½ pints
Chutney	1 tblespn.	2½ lb.
Lemon juice substitute. Seasoning.		

Method: Grill or bake the fish. Make the sauce and add the chutney, lemon and seasoning. Pour sauce over cooked fish and serve immediately.

GURNET-AND-CHEESE FLAN

	FOR 4	FOR 100
PASTRY:		
Flour	¾ lb.	6 lb.
Cooked mash. potatoes	6 ozs.	3 lb.
Fat	3 ozs.	1½ lb.
Salt. Water to mix.		
CHEESE SAUCE:		
Gurnet	1½ lb.	21 lb.
Flour	1 oz.	1¾ lb.
Fish stock	½ pint	9 pints
Grated cheese	2 oz.	1¾ lb.

Method: Make pastry and line flan-rings with it. Arrange the cooked fish in small pieces in the flan-ring. Cover with the cheese sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven till brown (about 30 minutes).

SIR HENRY FRENCH, SECRETARY OF THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, explaining to a conference the new "zoning" plan for fish, and the new kinds of fish which will soon be available to the housewives of Britain

ROCK-SALMON SALAD

	FOR 4	FOR 100
Rock-salmon	2 lb.	21 lb.
Shredded cabbage	½	6
Radishes	1 bunch	3 bunches
Tomatoes	½ lb.	1½ lb.
Sticks celery chopped	1	12
Chopped parsley	1 tblespn.	9 tblespns.
SAUCE:		
Fish stock or household milk	½ pint	6 pints
Flour	1½ ozs.	8 ozs.
Margarine	½ oz.	6 ozs.
Mustard	½ teaspn.	6 teaspns.
Vinegar	1 tblespn.	6 tblespns.
Pepper and salt.		

Method: Steam the fish till tender, remove skin and bone, and flake. Make a white sauce, add the mustard, seasoning and vinegar, and set aside to cool.

Shred the cabbage to form a bed, mix the flaked fish and dressing, and pile in the middle. Garnish with the other salad ingredients.

The idea of the whole zoning scheme is to save unbelievable waste in transport. Until now, tons of fish have been sent by rail and road as much as 345 miles to a town with a fish port 15 miles away. The normal reduction in distances affected by zoning is 240 miles to 75, and 100 miles to 40. Besides economy in transport, the scheme will guarantee a more even distribution of available fish supplies throughout the country.

The movements of fish from ports of landing will be restricted in future to certain prescribed areas, which are approximately as follows:

North-west England, Midlands and North Wales.
South Wales and south-west of England to the Isle of Wight.
East and south-east of England to the Isle of Wight.
North-east England.
Scotland and north England.
Northern Ireland.

Deliveries from the smaller ports will be restricted to the zones in which the ports are situated, and in many cases to an area immediately surrounding the port concerned.

The redistribution of fish from inland wholesale merchants will generally be restricted to an area within a radius of 20 miles of a particular market; but if a town or urban district is only partly within the radius, the whole town or urban district will be included in the inland merchant's distribution area.

In order to cope with supplies larger than can be absorbed in the zone concerned, wholesale merchants will be able to send surplus fish into zones other than those to which the fish would normally be restricted.

Fortunately for the capital, Londoners will be lucky in that they will receive their fish from most parts of the country. People in Cornwall will also be lucky, for though they will have less cod and haddock, they will keep more of their soles, halibuts and turbots. West-Country people will have more hake than before and less haddock and cod. On the East Coast there will be little hake. Scotland will eat well, though it will be short of plaice, sole and turbot.

Because of the uncertainties of the fishing seasons for herring, mackerel, pilchards, sprats and smelts, these fish will not be affected by the scheme; nor will salmon, trout or any other fish which is not caught by trawling.

The nutritive and body-building values of the fish with the strange names are undoubtedly just as high as those of the others, and all can be cooked in the familiar ways. But there is no doubt that some of them need pretty sharp sauces, if not curry; and SPHERE readers who have not eaten rock-salmon before will be surprised at its flavour. In any event, there is always the escapist method of making a *bouillabaisse*—if you can get the saffron.

I have already mentioned Madame Prunier's recipe for *lotte au gratin* (another name for monkfish). Here are one or two others. The only trouble is that they all seem to need a certain amount of butter:

SUPRÊME DE BARBUE SAINT GERMAIN

Fillet a small brill, skinned. Trim the fillets, egg and breadcrumb them, and cook them in butter. Garnish, on serving, with small grilled tomatoes and croquettes of rice. Hand with them a Bearnaise sauce.

CABILLAUD À LA FLAMANDE

Butter a sauté-pan, and lay in it the cod cutlets seasoned with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Add a chopped shallot, a small *bouquet garni* and a little dry white wine, and poach in the oven for ten minutes. Arrange cutlets in the serving-dish, bind the cooking liquor with a little fine bread-crumbs or finely-crushed, oven-dried bread. Boil up for a few minutes, and pour over the fish.

GRONDIN BEURRE BLANC

Poach some gurnet fillets in a well-seasoned *court-bouillon*. Reduce a quart of the cooking liquor, with the addition of chopped shallot, to half a wine-glassful. Put butter in this, and bring quickly to the boil. As soon as it boils, strain it through a fine, conical sieve, and salt and pepper it. Serve the fish with steamed potatoes, and hand the butter separately.

LA CHAUDRÉE CHARENTAISE

Make a very rich fish *fumet* with the bones of turbot and soles, the white part of leeks, parsley, chervil, celery, thyme, bayleaf, pepper and salt, bound with a light *purée*. In this *fumet*, cook pieces weighing 4 ozs. each of turbot, John Dory, conger, rockfish (rock-salmon), skinned and boned, for a quarter of an hour, as well as gurnets, mackerel and small soles for eight minutes. The resulting dish should have the appearance of an Irish stew of which the liquor has been strained. Hand separately some slices of toast, and sprinkle the dish with parsley and chervil before serving.

And now let me end with another quotation: "It 's no' fish ye 're buying: it 's men's lives."

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Constantly these days one hears of Old Boys paying the supreme sacrifice. One of these—an old *Arethusa* boy who attained warrant rank in 1940, and who was presented with a sword by the *Arethusa*—was killed in action on Easter Sunday. Fresh recruits are clamouring for a chance in the *Arethusa*. Please help. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

MALTA PREPARES FOR WINTER

And Other War News-Items

A BUILDING IN FLORIANA IS TORN DOWN TO GET AT THE BEAMS AND WOODWORK : In readiness for the coming of winter, the Demolition and Clearance Squads on Malta are pulling down "blitzed" buildings to get out the wooden beams which form part of their structure, for fuel. Where it is impossible to pull down a whole building, the wooden balconies (of which there are many) are torn off. All this helps to save shipping space for other vital necessities needed by the George Cross Island

COLLECTING WOODEN BEAMS AND POSTS FROM DEMOLISHED BUILDINGS. These will be stored for the cold days which lie ahead

THE U.S. WOMEN SERVICES CHIEF WITH THE A.T.S. : Mrs. Oveta Hobby is the head of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps of the United States. She is now in Britain on a visit, and has spent some time inspecting the activities of the A.T.S. She has visited an O.C.T.U., an Ordnance Depot and an A.-A. Training Camp. The two pictures reproduced above were taken at the last-named

MRS. OVETA HOBBY, HEAD OF THE U.S. WOMEN'S SERVICES, makes a close inspection of girls of the A.T.S. at work on a big range-finder in an A.-A. Training Camp

MR. HARRY HOPKINS'S SON MEETS THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY : Serving with the U.S. Army in Britain is the twenty-one-year-old son of the President's confidential adviser and envoy. He is a corporal. He met the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Trades Union Club, in London, when Dr. Temple delivered an address to the members

A.T.S. GIRLS DO SECRET WORK AS KINE-THEODOLITE OPERATORS : At an experimental gunnery camp A.T.S. girls are doing very secret work operating kine-theodolite instruments, which record the bursts of A.-A. shells on a photographic film. From the photographs calculations are made as to the effect of the firing. A.T.S. girls who are good draughtswomen make slide-rules and other A.-A. equipment for such experiments. The picture above shows how the A.T.S. are being taught to operate their instruments. Subaltern Joan Cotter (who comes from Ireland) wears the red hatband that signifies a gunnery instructor ; she is the only woman in the A.T.S. entitled to it.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE STORY-LOVER

A New Story by Helen Ashton; Period Stuff of Other Days; A Novel of the Air by James Aldridge; Mr. Joyce Cary's Retrospective Pilgrimage

MISS HELEN ASHTON'S new novel begins well and continues at the same level, though it ends in disappointing conventionality. **JOANNA AT LITTLEFOLD** (Collins. 8s. 6d.), although its cast of characters is almost exactly paired in males and females, is a book about women and most definitely for women. The time is the present war, and the scene for the most part is the kind of undistinguished village to which evacuation has driven so many town-lovers.

Joanna herself, as the wife of a fashionable as well as a best-selling author, had not always lived in towns, but whether in France or the United States or Spain or North Africa, her life had been urban, sophisticated and, in the last analysis, meaningless.

When the fall of France drives them both from the Riviera on a dusty, panicky journey to Lisbon, Joanna for the first time takes her own life in hand, and while her husband sets out for America and a rather spurious lecture tour, she returns to England, where her son is in the R.A.F. and already, by the time she reaches him, a scarred and experienced fighter.

To be near him, Joanna, with pre-war confidence, starts looking for a house to rent, "something small and easily run. . . . Myself and, I suppose, a couple of maids. . . . Central heating, of course, and electric light. . . ." It will surprise nobody to find that she doesn't get it, that the house agent practically yawns in her face as he listens to her, and that she finally counts herself extremely lucky to find a bedroom and "the use of a bathroom" in a possible and friendly house.

These domesticities settled, Joanna is free to discover for herself that the strain of the Battle of Britain could make a detached stranger of a pilot son, that servants and food and black-outs and transport were problems of such difficulty that they could absorb one's every waking minute, and that there is, socially speaking, no such thing as a quiet country village. I should have thought that living in the south of France, where gossip flourishes so luxuriously, would have taught her that, but Miss Ashton's elegant and middle-aged heroine takes a long time to mature.

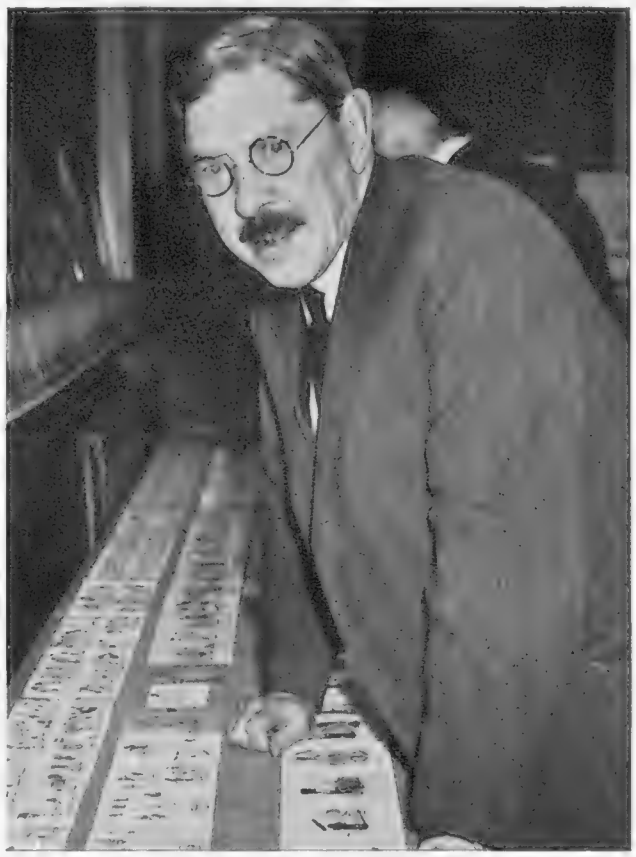
Love and jealousy raise their respective and inevitable heads, and Littlefold village soon has all the tranquillity and serene charm of a seething *bouillabaisse*. Poor Joanna, who is a likeable woman, if slow to learn, gets the worst of all possible deals until she finds an affinity in a Frenchman as unhappy as herself, but with a philosophy that conveniently includes her in its scope.

This is a trivial thing beside the author's *Swan of Usk*, but, like its heroine, it has appeal of a kind and, like her, its style is impeccable.

Mr. Dornford Yates has forestalled possible criticism by calling his new collection of short stories **PERIOD STUFF** (Ward Lock. 8s. 6d.). And period stuff, to our new war-conscious eyes, they certainly are. Not that Mr. Yates—I always have to struggle against an inexplicable desire to call him Major Yates—not that he has written of a world we never knew, but that that world is now so remote from us, in its easy-going sunniness, so clearly a time when poverty was represented as an occasion when a man had to choose between his clubs' subscriptions. We may never know that time again, and that probability gives these little tales a nostalgic attraction hardly justified by their own merits.

Dans le temps Mr. Yates's ladies and gentlemen added grace to the beaches and pinewoods of Biarritz, their visits to England were spent in terraced country houses, and their journeyings were accomplished in Rolls-Royces. And why not? Wasn't that the best of all cars, and was this a niggardly romancer who begrudged his characters decent transportation? A thousand times no.

I have laughed so much and so happily (for there are degrees in the quality of amusement) at his books in the past, and I still find that inimitably casual and comic touch in some of his pages. Period stuff it remains, and none the worse, as many prosperous gentlemen could tell us, for that.



THE JUBILEE OF THE LONDON PRESS CLUB: The Editor of "The Illustrated London News" (Captain Bruce S. Ingram) inspects the Club's Exhibition. The Press Club is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, and the occasion has been marked by an exhibition of drawings (plain and coloured), portraits, autograph manuscripts and letters. The picturesque social life of the Club during its sixty years of existence is revealed by many exhibits; and for the first time there has been displayed the Club's photographic record of air-raid devastation, extending from the Mansion House to St. Clement Danes. Captain Bruce Ingram, the Editor of our distinguished contemporary, *The Illustrated London News*, has (despite his youthful appearance!) been editing that journal since the year 1900: he is also the Vice-President of the Society of Nautical Research

If I can say at once that the love-story in **SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR** (Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is sheer Hemingway, and not inspired by the great hunter's best at that, then I can write about Mr. James Aldridge's novel with a better grace.

In its scenes of action which, luckily for anyone allergic to the derivative, form three-quarters of the book, it is really first-class, and the flying stuff is memorable. The story deals with the campaigns in Greece and Crete from the point of view of the fighter pilot, and there the expert and thrilling account leaves nothing to be desired.

M. de Saint-Exupery can and does do this kind of thing better from an intellectual and sensitive point of view, but Mr. Aldridge is his own man, and has to accept comparisons with no one, when he writes of dog-fights with Italian airmen, of crashes, of survey flights, of the way bombing appears when you yourself are flying above both the bomber and the target.

It is a curious commentary on the speed with which war moves that both these campaigns now seem so distant from us, and even the men who fought them with such gallantry a different force from the men now in Libya and in the Pacific. They aren't, of course. In thousands of cases they are the very same men, and these present battles the later, though far-off stages of the engagements they fought.

Mr. Aldridge is highly critical of many aspects of these campaigns, particularly as they relate to the Commands in question. But however controversial his statements and however stereotyped the romance; he has written a lively war book that many reporters might envy.

TO BE A PILGRIM (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a long but never prolix novel in which Mr. Joyce Cary has used the technique of retrospect to more advantage than I have seen in any writer's work for many, many months.

An old gentleman, dying and in rather erratic mental health, goes back to his Devonshire home, where every room and every foot of moorland and pasture evokes memories for him. The niece who has appointed herself his guardian is a doctor, and—at least at the story's opening—a woman of cool and orthodox behaviour. She falls in love, marries, has a baby, is deserted and carries on the work of the home farm, while her uncle alternately scolds and relies on her.

Ann is in the immediate foreground of his life, but more real to him are all those members of his family, now dead, with whom he has spent nearly seventy years of his life. He remembers them with a clarity that searches out the smallest incidents of childhood, and in which there is nothing sentimental, nothing whimsical.

The Wilcher family comes vividly to life, and with it a whole era of politics, of public opinion, of religious fervour and of strongly-individual people. There is no rubber-stamped monotony about the Wilchers—they differ as much from each other as if they had belonged to seven different families—and theirs is not the generally-accepted Victorian pattern of behaviour.

Lucy, the termagant sister, runs away to be the "hand-maiden" of a rough revivalist preacher; Edward the exquisite is a brilliant and cultured junior minister who deserts his own political career and dies in bitterness; Bill, the soldier, is perhaps the happiest and not the least sentient of them all; Tom himself, the recorder of their acts, is the ugly, self-effacing, loyal, opinionated backbone of the entire family.

There is such richness in this story, and such entertainment that on finishing it I put it aside to reread in a few months' time when I know it will give me more hours of pleasure. Mr. Cary has the portrait painter's, rather than the photographer's, inspired observation. He misses and forgets nothing, and he sees a figure in its true relation to a background that is, in this case, kaleidoscopic and minutely recorded.

Recommended for all this, and your enjoyment, too.

TOMMY TRINDER MAKES A NEW APPEAL FILM FOR A FAMOUS LONDON HOSPITAL. The famous comedian is here seen with some of the little patients of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street: they are joining in the chorus of "The Smoke Goes Up the Chimney." Miss Molly Munks, the film actress, is at the piano

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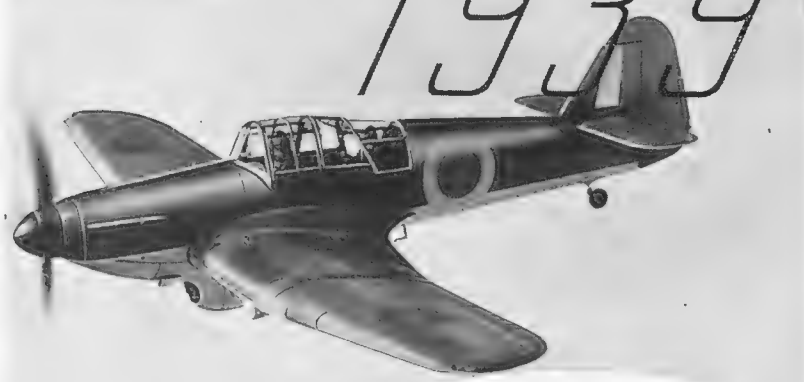

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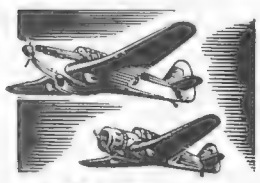
Over the remaining years between 1939 and now we must draw a discreet veil. And for the future, what can we say?—except that Miles Aircraft will be there with Wings for the World's air-minded in the form that best suits the needs of the great To-morrow that will dawn with Peace . . . . . .



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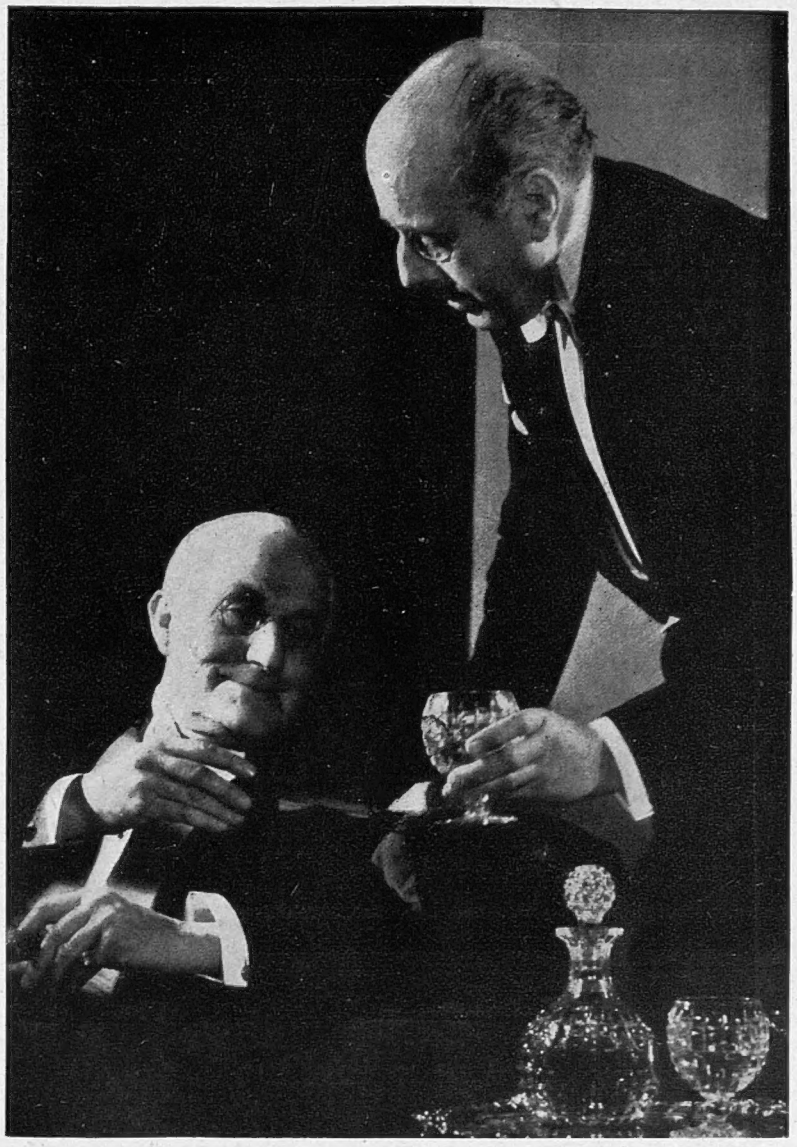

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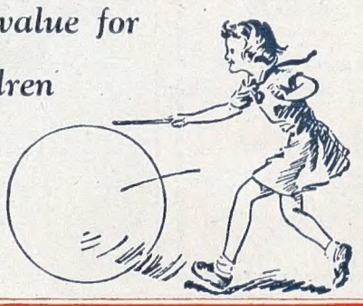

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